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PUNCH or THE LONDON CHARIVARI—WEDNESDAY JULY 26 1950

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PUNCH



JULY
26
1950

Vol. CCXIX
No. 5723

PUNCH OFFICE
10 BOUVERIE STREET LONDON E.C.4

HE MUST
HAVE BEEN
A BRIGHT
SPARK!



The chap who first exploded
petrol vapour in a confined space
made things move somewhat.

No less effective in its way
is our own method of
making things stop.



LOCKHEED

REGD. TRADE MARK

*hydraulic brakes**



*THE SAFEST BRAKES IN THE WORLD

AUTOMOTIVE PRODUCTS COMPANY LTD., LEAMINGTON SPA



*The man
who forgot
to order an*

OLDHAM

The Battery with Power to Spare

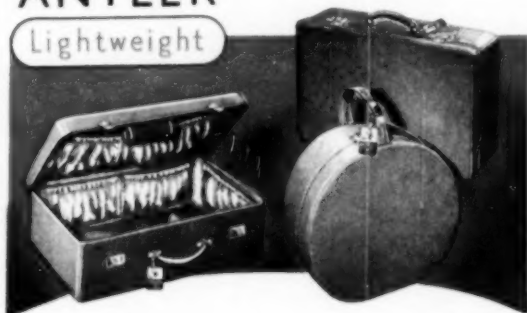
OLDHAM & SON LTD DENTON MANCHESTER ESTABLISHED 1865



*The most distinguished name
in Travel Goods*

ANTLER

Lightweight



Light, elegant in appearance, beautifully lined and finished, ANTLER Lightweight Cases remain the most coveted of all Travel Goods. Ask any ANTLER Authorized DEALER about them—you will find they are surprisingly reasonable in price.

J. B. BROOKS & CO. LTD., BIRMINGHAM 3

It's NEW!

the new
PARKER
"51"

The only pen
with the

*Aero-metric
Ink System*

NEW FEATURES

NEW PRECISION

NEW BEAUTY

- NEW FOTO-FILL FILLER
 - NEW INK-FLOW GOVERNOR
 - NEW PLI-GLASS RESERVOIR
 - NEW VISIBLE INK SUPPLY
- and 4 other great advances

THE PARKER "51" seemed the peak of pen perfection. But now this NEW Parker "51" is perfection made finer because it has the great new Aero-metric Ink System, a wholly new, scientific method of drawing in, storing, safeguarding and releasing ink, to give the most outstanding pen performance ever known.

For a gift—or for yourself—the new Parker "51" is unsurpassed. Price 86/2 (including pur. tax).

Parker "51"—world's most wanted pen

THE PARKER PEN COMPANY LIMITED, BUSH HOUSE, LONDON, W.C.2

Entree to enjoyment...

Whether you watch—or play—this British game of games, **THREE CASTLES**, mellow and fragrant, give an extra fillip to the day's enjoyment.



The
"THREE CASTLES"
CIGARETTES

20 for 3/10

TY231C

Made by W. D. & H. O. WILLS, Branch of The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain & Ireland), Ltd

The family album that Springs to life



It's so easy to keep a family album that springs to life whenever you wish, when you have a **BELL & HOWELL-GAUMONT "SPORTSTER" 8mm MOVIE CAMERA**. Baby's first smile... those wonderful holiday adventures... the once-in-a-lifetime celebrations... you can capture them all in true-to-life moving pictures in black and white or colour with a "SPORTSTER", as easily as taking snapshots. This summer, give yourself and your family the thrill of inexpensive movie making—and remember, the "SPORTSTER" as a wedding gift will ensure that your grandchildren will never grow old!



Bell & Howell-Gaumont
Sportster
8mm MOVIE CAMERA

And to show your own movies—and professional productions, featuring your favourite stars—insist on the "SCREENMASTER" 8mm Projector made by Bell & Howell-Gaumont.

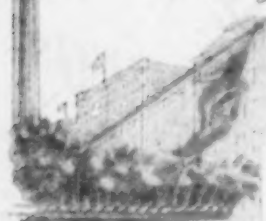
Your photographic dealer will show you the "SPORTSTER" and the "SCREENMASTER" or for full particulars write to DEPT. P.C.

G. B. EQUIPMENTS LTD.

Maritime House, 37-41 Maritime St., London, W.1
A COMPANY WITHIN THE J. ARTHUR RANK ORGANISATION



*Gracefully modern—
distinctly Wolseley...*



Those who have chosen wisely know they can depend upon their Wolseley to perform well, to be reliable and to do them credit by its graceful but unmistakably English appearance. When their Wolseley gives them all that they hoped for, but more generously than was expected, they naturally have a lasting confidence in this time-honoured name.

"FOUR FIFTY": £550
plus £11.10.0 Purchase Tax
"SIX EIGHTY": £850
plus £15.10.0 Purchase Tax



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WOLSELEY MOTORS LTD., COWLEY, OXFORD.

Overseas Business: Napfield Exporters Ltd., Oxford and 41, Pall Mall, London, W.1.
London Showrooms: Eastern Wolseley Ltd., 12, Berkeley Street, W.1.



Carefree Youth

Rain or shine, frost or fire—what matters a weather forecast to exuberant youth? Active, carefree, careless, boys need the sure all-weather protection of Chilprufe's finest Pure Wool. This is the underwear that safeguards without mollycoddling—protects without restricting—wears and wears and always retains its shape, fit and fine finish. Chilprufe for boys means peace of mind for parents!

Chilprufe

for BOYS

CHILPRUFE IS
PURE WOOL
MADE PERFECT

Ask your Chilprufe Agent
or write for CATALOGUE

CHILPRUFE LIMITED LEICESTER

CHL 102



Front door fortress

YOUR first line of defence against burglars is the lock marked CHUBB on the front door. Opposing false keys, picks, mica and indeed force, it gives the protection you'd expect from a firm that's been safeguarding other people's property for more than 130 years.

Are your locks as safe as this?

Better fit a Chubb at once. Get your Ironmonger to show you the full range of CHUBB burglar-baffling locks, priced from 39/6d., or write to us today.

Fit **CHUBB** locks

MAKERS TO THE BANK OF ENGLAND

CHUBB & SON'S LOCK AND SAFE CO. LTD.

40-42 OXFORD STREET, LONDON W1

COMFORT FOR THE CRITICAL

Because CRITERION are made by experts from the pick of the world's leaf crops, they stand comparison with the world's best cigars.

Because they are blended here, there is a saving in duty—and, therefore, in the price to the smoker.

Comfort indeed, in these days, for the man who appreciates a really good cigar!



In a wide range of sizes

from 1/5d. to 2/6d. each.

Also CRITERION JUNIORS

11d. each

BY LAMBERT & BUTLER OF DEBUI LANE

Branch of The Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain & Ireland), Ltd.
C.R.I.

A Glass of Sherry?



Buy Royal Decree

This rich Royal Sherry—a wine of infinite character—comes from the famous Spanish House of Duff Gordon, established in 1772, to whom was granted the use of the Arms of Queen Isabella II—by Royal Decree.

At Twenty shillings a bottle from your Wine Merchant.

Garnier

Jarvis, Halliday & Co. Ltd., 62 Pall Mall, London, S.W.1

Fitting for men

Spire



True to the Spire tradition this tan London brogue combines comfort with smartness. Medium fitting.

G. T. WHITE men's shoes from 42/6 to 59/6

Write for name of nearest Agent. G. T. White Shoe Co. Ltd., Leicester

For
weekends
and
weeks
off

For men at leisure we have a great variety of sports shirts with attached collars and short or long sleeves. The materials and colours are many. A man with an open-air mind is sure to find just the shirt he is looking for. Prices from 17/6

For legs at leisure we have a wide range of sports trousers. Perfectly tailored, they look well and wear well. Prices from 59/-

Brogues for the countryside. Brown leather, sizes 7-11, prices 65/- or 85/3 a pair.

Austin Reed

OF REGENT STREET

LONDON AND PRINCIPAL CITIES.

LONDON TELEPHONE REGENT 6700

ONE OF MRS. P. DEE'S FAVOURITE RECIPES

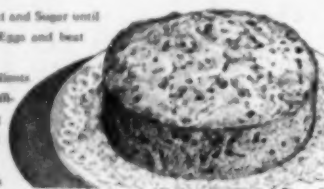
Fruit Cake

INGREDIENTS: 8 ozs. Flour, 1 level teaspoonful Pearce Duff's Baking Powder, 4 ozs. Margarine, 5 ozs. Sugar, 3 Eggs or reconstituted Dried Eggs, 8 ozs. Dried Fruit, 1 teaspoonful "The Orient" Mixed Spice, 1-2 drops "Tower Bridge" Almond Flavouring. Milk to mix.

METHOD: 1. Cream the Fat and Sugar until white and creamy. Add the Eggs and beat in thoroughly.

2. Sieve together the dry ingredients and add to the mixture, with sufficient milk to give a 'dropping consistency'. Add the dried fruit and Almond Flavouring.

3. Put the mixture into a greased and lined tin, and bake for 2 hours at Regulo 3 or 350°F.



PEARCE DUFF'S

Baking Powder

PEARCE DUFF & CO. LTD., SPA ROAD, LONDON, S.E.16

Cooking with GAS

THE AIR-FLOAT OVEN
HEATS QUICKLY

THE SPRING-SEALED DOOR
CONSERVES HEAT



IT'S EASY
TO CLEAN AND
COOKS SUPERBLY

BY GAS—NOT BY
GUESS, THANKS TO
THE REGULO



SEE THEM AT YOUR
GAS SHOWROOMS

it's a



for me!

Product of Radiation Ltd
5159N81

British Biscuits
at their Best

Macfarlane Lang



By appointment
Biscuit Manufacturers
to H. M. the King
Macfarlane, Lang & Co. Ltd.

ESTABLISHED 1917

Now—A TABLE TOP Kelvinator

FIRST NAME, LAST WORD, IN REFRIGERATION

HERE ARE A DOZEN OF THE
MANY KELVINATOR ADVANTAGES

Ideal height for use as table in small
kitchen or flat.

Ample capacity of 31 cubic feet for
the small family.

Over 6 sq. ft. of shelf room.

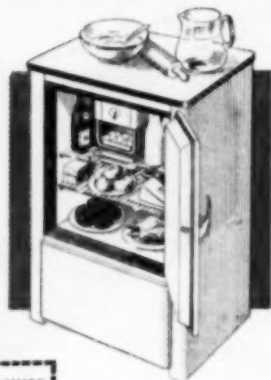
All Kelvinator's chief advantages at
a modest price.

Finished in gleaming white enamel,
hard to chip or stain.

Curved easy-clean corners.

Latest insulation—more cold for
less current.

Quick-freezer for ice cream and
storage of frozen foods.



TO KELVINATOR LTD., CREWE, CHESHIRE

Please send illustrated folder of the 1950 Kelvinators.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

P.387

18 ice cubes always ready.

Powered by the quiet, reliable
Kelvinator Condensing Unit,
precision-engineered for years
of trouble-free service.

From a few shillings a week to
buy, less than 3d. a week to run.

Easy terms willingly arranged.

Jacqmar

**Fashion fabrics at their finest
for cocktail
and evening dresses**

**as modelled by Paris and London
Haute Couture**

at Jacqmar shops and stockists or direct from

Jacqmar

16 GROSVENOR STREET LONDON W.1



THE MOST TREASURED NAME IN PERFUME

CHANEL



YOU will be delighted with 'Ovaltine' mixed cold. It is the ideal summer drink . . . deliciously cool, creamy and refreshing . . . most nourishing and sustaining. By preparing 'Ovaltine' cold—instead of hot—you enjoy the same health-giving qualities that have made it the world's most popular food beverage.

Remember that light summer meals are seldom sufficiently nourishing to replace the energy you spend so freely. A glass of cold 'Ovaltine' makes the lightest meal much more nourishing and revitalizing.

Cold 'Ovaltine' is easily prepared by adding 'Ovaltine' to cold milk, or milk and water, and mixing thoroughly with a whisk—or in a shaker.

**Be sure you ask for 'Ovaltine,' Hot or Cold,
at Cafés, Restaurants and Bathing Pools.**

OVALTINE

Delicious Hot or

COLD

Energising and Refreshing

P.773A

THE
"HIGH PEAK"
OF
HOLIDAY
ENJOYMENT

IN
THE MOUNTAIN SPA
**PALACE HOTEL
BUXTON**

WITH
Luxury Swim Pool,
Tennis, Dancing,
Premier Plays, Con-
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Artists, Putting
Greens, Bowls,
Two Golf Links,
Delightful Motoring
Centre, High-class
Cuisine and moderate
terms.

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Resident Director

The
**GRAND
TORQUAY**

We live by deeds, not words.
Mr. & Mrs. R. Paul, Joint Managers.
Tel. 1, 2234

Completely yours!
All that you can wish for in the way of cuisine, appointments, service and scenery are yours at the Palace. Add to this dancing, golf, tennis, cinema, sports, swimming, all in the inclusive terms, and the Perfect Holiday becomes a reality.

**PALACE HOTEL
TORQUAY**

**SKYHI
MINOR**

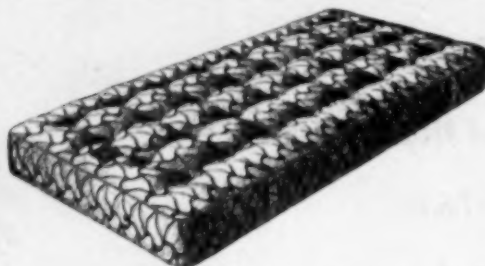
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CAR JACK**
"The Little Jack
with the BIG Lift"

**LIFTING CAPACITY
5 TONS**
Closed Height 6ft. 6in.
Maximum Height 14 ft.
PRICE 68. 0. 0.
Every car owner
should write for details

SKYHI Ltd.
84/85 Works
WENTON ROAD
ISLEWORTH, MIDDLESEX.

KYNOCH
of KEITH SCOTLAND
CLOTHS
SCARVES
and RUGS

AD 1700
58, OLD BURLINGTON ST., LONDON



SOMNUS BEDDING

Good night!

We admit "nightcaps" have their uses, but after
all it's the kind of bed you sleep on that
determines the kind of sleep you get.

Somnus Bedding is now available from all good house furnishers
WILLIAM RHODES LIMITED, LEEDS & NOTTINGHAM

Three wishes granted

Your electrical contractor
will be glad to tell you
just how simply and inex-
pensively these wishes may
be granted—or write to
Venner for the solution to
all your domestic switching
problems.

There is a
VENNER TIME SWITCH
for every purpose!

VENNER Time Switches Ltd.

Dept. P, KINGSTON-BY-PASS, NEW MALDEN, SURREY. Telephone: MALDEN 3461 (9 lines)



I wish the immersion heater
and the electric fire would
switch themselves on —
before I get up . . .



I wish the radio would switch
on my favourite programme—
even if I forget it . . .



I wish the hall light would
switch on at dusk — so that it's
on when I get home . . .

Gieves
LIMITED

Tailors · Hatters · Hosiery

*for clothes
of
distinction*

27 Old Bond Street
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Telephone: Regent 2276

Branches:
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WORLD FAMOUS SPAS . . .

... provide the formula for 'Alkia Saltrates'. Sufferers from rheumatism and allied conditions greatly benefit from the natural salts as found in the waters of the famous continental spas. Carefully combined in 'Alkia Saltrates' they assist bowel function and promote diuresis.

'ALKIA Saltrates'

Price 4/2 bottle (inc. purchase tax).

180 MILES for 3/-
or
5 MILES for ONE PENNY.

Ride a
Famous
JAMES
'SUPERLUX' AUTOCYCLE

Built specifically as a power driven bicycle should be built, giving RELIABILITY, COMFORT and SAFETY but with the utmost ECONOMY.
* Dealers throughout the country will supply.
Ask for full details.

THE JAMES CYCLE CO. LTD. BIRMINGHAM

GOOD LOOKS depend on Good Health...

You can feel well and look beautiful if you ensure a healthy circulation of the blood, renew the tired tissues and promote a healthy, youthful skin. This you can do easily and effectively at home with the Pifco Vibratory Massager.

It relaxes taut nerves, soothes tired aching feet, and encourages a healthy scalp. Beneficial to sufferers from rheumatism, sciatica and other muscular pains.

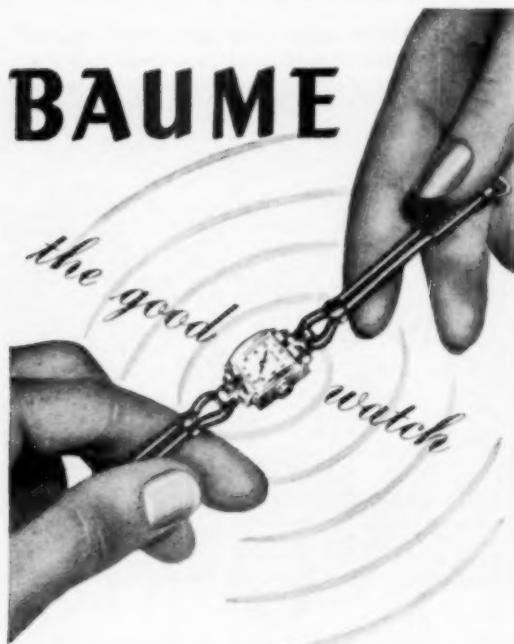
Obtainable at good-class Chemists, Electricians and Stores. Write for illustrated folder and name of nearest stockist to:—Pifco Ltd., Dept. 18, Watling St., Manchester, 5



59/6
Tax 14/6



BAUME



BAUME & CO. LONDON & LA CHAUX-DE-FONDS

Enter - the new Beauty

IT'S NATURAL ... LIGHTER

... UNSELFCONSCIOUS!



and (styled for this NEW Beauty)

ATKINSONS

SALON-TESTED COSMETICS

From Bond Street's most exclusive salon — these finer, lighter cosmetics, created and tested by experts, ideal for every type of skin! Now you, too, can possess the new loveliness — Atkinsons cosmetics bring you in your own home the new unselfconscious beauty which fashion decrees!

★ ATKINSONS BEAUTY SERVICE

If you've any kind of beauty problem, write to our Beauty Expert at 24 Old Bond Street, London, W.1. She'll be only too pleased to help you!



EXTRA LIGHT CLEANSING CREAM — works deeply into pores, cleanses completely 5/10

ROUGE — in three natural colours to blend with skin tones 3/3

TINTED FOUNDATION CREAM — spreads so lightly, holds so firmly — 3 shades 4/6

LIPSTICK — in the intriguing dimplestick holder specially designed to fit your fingers 6 shades 5/10

REQUISITE FACE POWDER — with a new perfume, in attractive new box with novel compact filler — 6 shades 4/1

NEXT TIME Travel to Ireland the easy way

FLY DIRECT TO DUBLIN



This summer, get a flying start to Ireland where the £ is still worth 20/-! Enjoy a sure, swift flight by comfortable Aer Lingus airliner. No crowds, queues or confusion to mar your journey. Arrive in

Dublin with a smile and in holiday mood.

Aer Lingus fares to Dublin Airport are all-inclusive fares. No tips. No worries about luggage either—it's checked right through to Dublin!

SPECIAL 17-DAY MIDWEEK RETURN FARES	TO DUBLIN FROM	FLYING TIME	FARES	
			SINGLE	17-DAY RETURN EVERY TUE., WED., THURS.
	London	120 minutes	£7 10s.	£11
	Liverpool	70 minutes	£4	£6 6s.
	Manchester	85 minutes	£4 5s.	£6 12s.
	Glasgow	90 minutes	£4 15s.	£7
	Birmingham	95 minutes	£6	£9

"EARLY BIRD CLUB" members catching early flights from Dublin save even more on their Aer Lingus fares. Phone Aer Lingus, B.E.A. or your local travel agent for complete details and immediate bookings by Aer Lingus for yourself or your freight.

AER LINGUS IRISH AIR LINES
75A
191,489 PASSENGERS FLEW BY AER LINGUS LAST YEAR!



Here you see Sir Berkeley Square,
Who dearly loves a steak that's rare.
He takes two Rennies after meals
And stomach pains he never feels!

But Grosvenor, who's his son and heir,
Neglects to take a similar care—
His afternoons are far from placid
And much disturbed by stomach acid!

Suck two Rennies slowly, like sweets...to restore acid balance

Too much stomach acid is often the cause of after-meals pain... but abrupt alkalisation can be equally painful. By sucking Rennies slowly, the neutralising agents are gently, quickly, fully absorbed. Drip-by-drip, Rennies restore correct acid balance! If Rennies don't relieve your indigestion, do see your doctor.



DIGESTIF **RENNIES** for happy stomachs



Un Dubonnet—pour la
ONE DUBONNET FOR
santé. Deux Dubonnet—
GOOD HEALTH. TWO DUBONNET

pour la bonne humeur.

FOR GOOD HUMOUR.

Trois Dubonnet—pour parler

THREE DUBONNET FOR SPEAKING

français sans consulter le

FRENCH WITHOUT CONSULTING THE

recueil de locutions.

PHRASE

BOOK.



Never let it be said that you're becoming set in your drinking habits! Be mildly adventurous then, and try a glass of Dubonnet today. You'll find that it fills you with the joy of living but never leaves you liverish. That's the beauty of Dubonnet—France's favourite appetiser. All good bars and stores in this country stock it now.

DUBONNET

does not affect the liver

SOLE DISTRIBUTORS: L. ROSE & CO. LTD., ST. ALBANS, HERTS.

Team Every player gives of his best; through
Work! team effort is created a first-class side.



The same team spirit is a feature of the
"LONDON & LANCASHIRE" ORGANISATION
7 CHANCERY LANE, LONDON, W.C.2

Have you heard?



RED HEART
is plentiful again!

Tails up! After ten years of "Sorry, old chap, no RED HEART" you can now give your dog his favourite meal. Red Heart is plentiful again in the new 1/2-lb. container—the good news for which dog-owners everywhere have been waiting. Now you can look your pal in the eye because you are doing him proud. Now at last you can give him the food he NEEDS, rich in red meat, cereals, vitamins and cod-liver oil, at least eight delicious and nourishing ounces for 9d. Ask for RED HEART.



1-lb. aluminium container, ready to serve, from Pet Shops, Grocers and Chemists

9d

RED HEART
DOG FOOD *in the NEW 1/2 lb can*

A meaty meal in a moment!

A PRODUCT OF JOHN MORRELL & CO. LTD., LIVERPOOL & LONDON

C10-8-14

Where's Jones?...
Fetch Brown!...

Tell Smith!...

Confusion: here's a

trunk call needing a reply

quickly: no one at hand with

the answer. But there is an

answer . . . RELIANCE Loudspeaking Telephones. A flick of a switch and one department or many are at your elbow . . . saving time, cutting costs of trunk calls and creating goodwill.

Leaflet Q 3 gives full details; why not write for a free copy?

THE RELIANCE TELEPHONE COMPANY LTD.

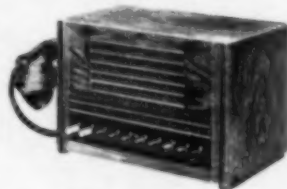
(A subsidiary of The General Electric Co. Ltd.)

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L10013



The ballpoint pen

WITH THE WORLD-WIDE SERVICE

Biro, with the addition of a shining cap of gold-like oronite surmounting its grey, black or maroon case, is a very handsome pen.

Biro is famous throughout 63 countries for its smooth writing and spares and refill service. No Biro owner need lack service wherever he goes.

Biro is still available with plastic cap to match the case. PRICE 17/6

PRICE 21/-

Biro | *a pen for your thoughts*

Manufactured by The Miles-Martin Pen Co. Ltd.

3014



Clarks put 125 year's worth of skill into the fit, the flair and the beauty of the **SKYLINE**—the fashion shoes in the 4-choice widths.

"D'ORSAY" 65-
Widths AA · A · B · C

Don't let *these* eyes...



become *these*...



Your skill—and pleasure—at sport depend so very much on your eyes. Properly tended they will do much to help you to enjoy life to the full. If you have some minor trouble such as simple eye-strain or conjunctivitis, etc., use Optrex. It is so safe and so pleasant—and so medically approved. Keep a large bottle at hand for all the family. It is much better value.

Buy and use the Optrex Eye Bath. Anatomically designed. It fits your eye—and fits the bottle.

Optrex *the* EYE LOTION
2/6 · 4/4½ · 10/-



Fresh, crisp
salads...
more delicious with
HEINZ SALAD CREAM



CHARIVARIA

MR. STALIN's friendly reception of the Indian proposals for peace in Korea confirmed the fears of those who suspected that this was only another case of Nehru fiddling while Rome burned.



Dissatisfied purchasers have been sending musty eggs to the Food Ministry to disprove the Government's claim that distribution was satisfactory. Perhaps this explains the Postmaster-General's decision to increase the postage on inland parcels.



In Wellington, New Zealand, an apprentice is reported to have spent £65 on fitting his bicycle with six headlights, ten tail-lights, six dynamos, fourteen reflectors, an electric bell, two horns, two mirrors, a speedometer and a switch-board. He is now said to be planning to add a radio. The idea behind all this is that, if ever he is involved in an accident, no one will be able to hang anything on him.

Food Flash

"The South African House of Assembly were told to-day by Mr. Charles Swart (Minister of Justice) that a Communist-led secret organization is preparing a coup."

"Liverpool Daily Post"

While Mr. J. H. Ivana, assistant clerk to Leicester Quarter Sessions, was in court lately his car, which was parked outside the court, was stolen. It was explained to the thief that this was not the way to set the machinery of the law in motion.

A recent Board of Trade Order decrees that utility braces can be made in any style the manufacturers desire provided the materials used conform to a set standard of strength and durability. This is just another step along the road to complete social security.

"Further samples taken from two churns at the farm the next day showed percentages of added water of 3.2 and five per cent. Milk taken from the cows was found to be genuine."

"Birmingham Mail"

Miss nothing, these chaps.

An Eskimo corps is being formed from 2,000 hunters to defend the Alaskan coastline opposite Siberia. It is feared this may presage an extension of the cold war.

"WE APOLOGISE
For the omission of 'Special
Articles' and 'Correspondence' due
to paper scarcity and humbug."

Barbados paper

Just whom are you getting at?

A railway shunter, fined for pilfering, admitted that he was taken by surprise. He had no idea there was anyone on his track.



JOHN AL

BALLAD

A KIND old manufacturer recalled with happy tears
That William Smith, a workman, had been with
him thirty years:
He sent for him, commended him, and raised his weekly
pay,
When what was his surprise to hear the faithful toiler
say:

*Don't—give me a rise, boss,
Why can't you leave me be?
I know that you mean for the best, old bean,
But it's only more P.A.Y.E.
I bet on the dogs and the horses:
I'd be glad of a few nice tips,
But don't put a bob on my wages,
For all of it goes to Cripps.*

The merchant prince attempted then to reason with
the man:

"You must be more ambitious, Bill, and rise when'er
you can.

Besides, Sir Stafford only cuts a portion from the joint."
The labourer, with emphasis, replied "That ain't the
point":

*Don't—give me a rise, boss,
You don't appear to dispute
The more that I get with my blood and sweat
The more the Exchequer will loot.
That's what 'as broken my spirit.
I'd rather have fish without chips,
I'd rather have tea without sugar
Than give any more to Cripps.*

The manufacturer replied: "You strike a touching
chord.

I notice, too, the more I toil, the less is my reward.
But what one wins on winners one is able to retain:
So I am very willing, Bill, to join in your refrain":

*Don't—give me a rise, boss!
It never does no one no good.
You tread on air, but you're worse than you
were,
And you never get out of the wood.
Let's go and bet on the horses.
What about "Double Eclipse"?
Besides, if we lose all our money
It's one way to keep it from Cripps.*

A. P. H.

PAY ATTENTION, CLASS Z

I DON'T want to spread alarm in offices, clubs, legal
chambers and common rooms, but has anyone read
For Your Guidance lately?

Army Form X212 should also be consulted without
delay.

The passage to which I want first to direct attention
occurs on page 1 of *For Your Guidance*, a genial
pamphlet issued, it will be remembered, "on release":

*It is particularly necessary for officers to keep their
outfit in good order. In the event of their being called
up the Government will not give another outfit allowance.*

What a farewell that was, was it not? Three
cheers for the Government and thanks a million for
the friendly warning. But five years later, in that
dark hour before the dawn, it sometimes seems to my
fevered imagination that what *For Your Guidance*
finely calls "an unforeseen National Emergency" has
indeed arrived, Class Z has sprung to arms, and in
some gruesome drill hall I stand, erect and shapely as
a leek, before the Adjutant.

"T/Lt. Egg?" he says.

"Yes."

"You rose to that rank in the last war?"

"Yes, sir."

"Mm. You may remove your headgear. The
situation has not yet deteriorated to such an extent
that it is necessary to wear a steel helmet in my
office."

"No, sir. Only, my cap SD——"

"I see. Nevertheless, as an officer you should
know better than to report with a number of wooden
labels sticking out of your jacket pocket."

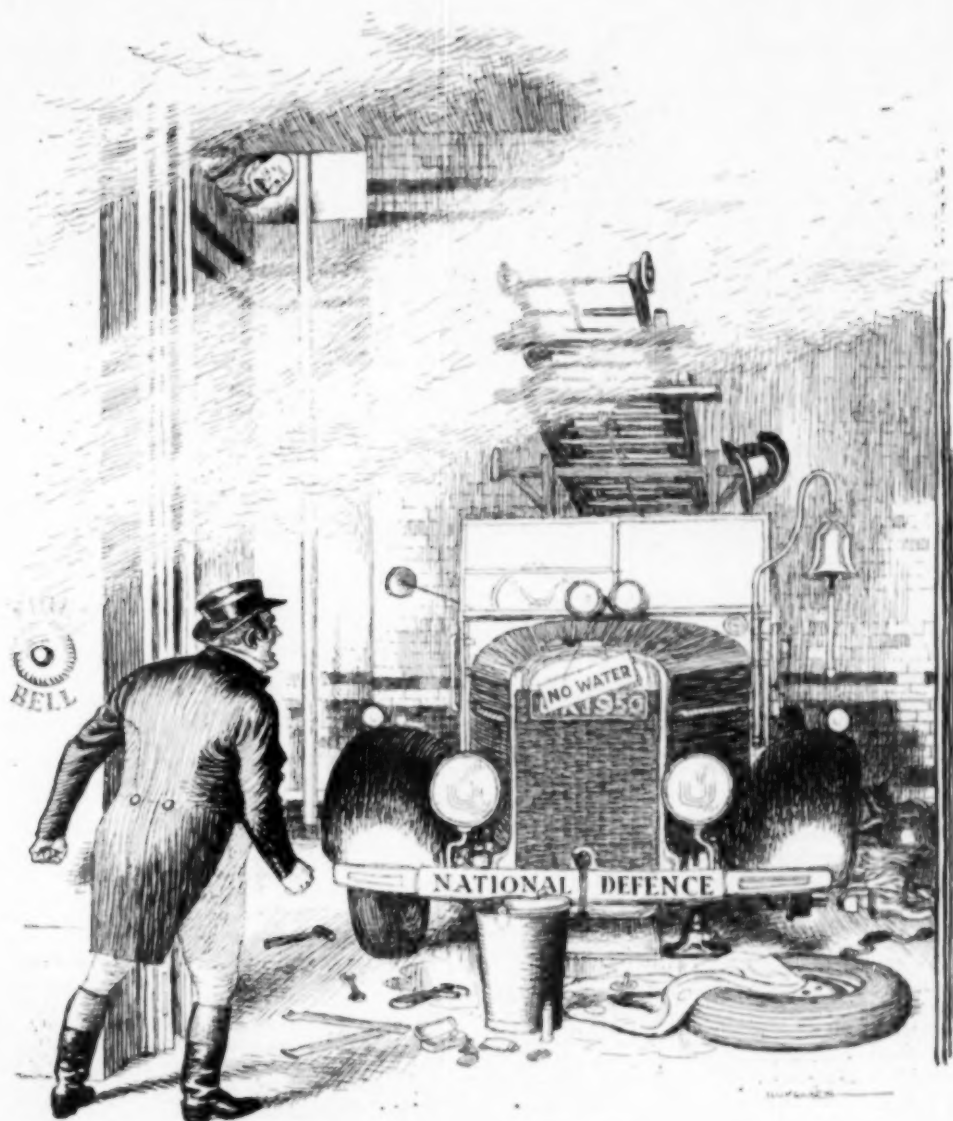
"God bless my soul! 'Fire King.' Now when
did I last sow antirrhinums?"

"That is hardly within my province, Mr. Egg. I
do not concern myself with Welfare. But I must beg
leave to point out—if you would kindly delay turning
out your pockets to some more convenient moment;
I am not partial to moth-balls in my inkwell—I must
really have the goodness to ask you—in short, why the
devil are you wearing anklets, canvas, with service dress
trousers?"

I do not see that I can possibly explain to a sneering
brute like this Adjutant that when the last two inches
of your trousers have been cut off to patch your
elbows you've damn well got to wear anklets or your
tartan socks will show . . .

Would it be any good if the Class Zs who've used
their trousers for gardening got together in advance
with the others who've had their jackets slept on by
bull terriers, so that some sort of exchange and mart
could be set up? If only the Government would give
us a lead. Even bull terriers have leads.

I want to say a word now to any smug customer
who has cherished his uniform all these years as care-
fully as, I don't doubt, he has kept his honorary rank.
Very smart you'll look, T/Major, if ever the call-up
comes, very excellent the odour you'll expect to be



"ANYBODY ABOUT?"



"Why are all the letters different?"

in with the Army Council on account of it. But did you read on to the bottom of page 1 in this pamphlet I'm talking about, where it says how important it is during your release leave to keep the Under-Secretary of State for War informed of any changes in your family affairs, births, marriages, etc? All right. And did you see where it said, farther down, that "in addition you are legally liable to tell the Under-Secretary of these changes, *even after expiration of your release leave and until you are formally discharged*"? The italics are mine; but the twins are yours, T/Major, and my best guess is that you've never declared them.

Army Form X212 (that's the Release Certificate) contains a sentence that may make even the best of us shudder. "During the continuance of the present emergency," it says—and try as I may I cannot find any evidence that the emergency has been officially declared to be at an end—"officers will notify in writing any change of permanent address to the Under-Secretary of State, The War Office, to whom applications for permission to leave the United Kingdom will also be made."

I use no italics here. I am content to leave the final phrase to strike in all its chill and Roman menace on the ears of any of my Class Z colleagues now setting out happily for the Continent.

H. F. ELLIS

BACK ROOM JOYS

GIVING MONEY TO PEOPLE IN THE STREET

THERE are few pleasures more complete
Than giving money to people in the street.

First
The buoyant little altruistic burst
With its standard reaction
Of reasonably smug satisfaction;
Then the modesty of anonymity
(But with several witnesses in the vicinity);
The absence of any need to utter,
And no embarrassing gratitude beyond the
traditional mutter;

The convenient speed
With which we accomplish the deed;
The combination of impersonality
With concrete humanity;
And—this is especially nice—
Ignoring Aunt Hester's advice:
"One shouldn't encourage them, I think.
They'll only spend it on drink"—
The old cat

Denied them even that,
And our pleasure is notably more vivid
Remembering that she'd be *absolutely* livid.

JUSTIN RICHARDSON

SEE THAT LADY

MRS. SLIPPER'S little shop is unpleasant, and I only go there when suddenly short of thread. Things dangle from wire clotheslines and knock against your hat, there is not room for more than half a customer at a time, and an unattractive dog sits on the counter and breathes over the pink elastic.

Mrs. Slipper, enthroned in the clutter like a spider at the nerve centre of its web, can tell you everything about everyone in the crooked little streets round about, and I have yet to discover the formula for cutting her short. She is slightly deaf and thoroughly wound up.

"See that lady that's just gone out!" she'll say. "To look at her you'd never think that she's got six languages, would you?" I wouldn't, and foolishly admit as much, which opens the floodgates.

Mrs. Slipper, being roughly the same size as her shop window, has great difficulty in dressing it; no sooner has she hung up an array of sun-glasses ("Real Holiday Value") and turned her attention to some plastic sponge bags ("Latest Novelty") than she has knocked the real holiday value down again with her elbow. She tuts a good deal about this; and while she is wedged in the window any amount of shop-lifting could be done; the dog couldn't care less.

Mrs. Slipper talks from the window over her shoulder; from the top step of the ladder with only her skirt-half visible; from the dark place inside the counter; and from behind the monstrous lace curtains of her living quarters. She never generalizes: she deals in the particular only.

"See that gentleman?" she said one day, after he had pushed himself and his parcel past me and gone tapping up the street with his walking-stick. "He's had three wives. He's ninety-two, and he's just bought his third one a blouse. I think he made away with the second," she added casually, searching for my thread, "but I can't be sure, like, so I don't say anything."

The topics about which Mrs. Slipper doesn't say anything usually last her at least eight minutes. In my time I have been invited to see that fat little girl, see that dirty white cat, and, on one occasion, to see that dustbin.

Recently, needing some black cotton, I reluctantly made my way to Mrs. Slipper. It was a wet day and she was behind her curtains. Quite a lot of knocking was necessary to bring her out.

I paid for my cotton not only with fourpence but with patience, and then very cleverly went off without it, locking umbrellas with a red-haired woman on the doorstep.

I was half-way down the street when I remembered the cotton and went crossly back.

The red-haired customer was in the shop, and Mrs. Slipper was up on the ladder, her top-half hidden in the clouds of face-flannels and aprons. She didn't notice me. Her voice, muffled, floated down.

"See that lady that just went out!" she called. The customer looked at me nervously and made a few agitated jiggling motions, but Mrs. Slipper ploughed indistinctly on.

"She's the most noney, inquisitive, muffle, muffle," said Mrs. Slipper. "Wants to know everything about everyone. Fair picks my brains."





COUNTRY PURSUITS

STOOL-GIRLS AND SKID-BOYS

THE short anthropological report that forms part of Rupert Brooke's poem on Grantchester contains, you will remember, the ominous statement that things are done you'd not believe in—somewhere or other—on Christmas Eve. Much depends, of course, on what you would believe; perhaps, like the White Queen, you exercise your intellect by believing six impossible things daily before breakfast; but, whatever your capacity in this line, in the English countryside many things are done you'd not expect, and you do not have to go to Cambridgeshire, nor wait until Christmas Eve, to see them.

Here you are, for instance, bowling along a quiet Sussex lane on the edge of the Kipling country, when you observe a cricket-match. You stop; and immediately your credulity is assailed. It is not so much that all the players are women, tastefully outfitted in white and nigger-brown; nor—"ladies half way" being standard practice in many English outdoor sports—that the bowler is delivering the ball from several yards in front of the wicket; nor that the wickets appear, from where you are, to consist of two large notice-boards of the kind used to prophesy that trespassers will be prosecuted. These vagaries could be explained by lack of skill or lack of kit. But what really shakes you is that the batswomen are batting with ping-pong rackets.

The explanation is quite simple. It isn't cricket.

It is, in point of fact, stoolball. Stoolball is a kind of ur-cricket, as the Germans would say, whose fate was really sealed by the men of Hambledon, but which at this end of Sussex, around Rye, survives so sturdily that there is a flourishing stoolball league, and no doubt stoolball pools just around the corner. It has become a ladies' preserve; the lads of the village take no part, being allegedly more partial to real cricket. However, there are other counter-attractions, as we shall see.

Miss A from the post office is bowling; the pitch is sixteen yards long, but she bowls (underhand) from ten yards only. The batswoman, Mrs. B of the laundry, is covering her wicket with a sort of one-handed carpet-beating stance. The bat, seen closely, is less like a ping-pong racket than a mandoline, but not so fat behind and without strings. Mrs. B plays back to her first ball; that is, she hits it firmly down to the ground at her feet, thus protecting her wicket and avoiding the risk of being caught,

for the field stands pretty close in. The ball is fielded smartly and returned to Miss A; it is the size of a hockey-ball, but with the texture of a fives-ball. Miss A takes her little run, bowls again—and what is this? The ball, pitching straight for the wicket, strikes Mrs. B's right shoulder, and she is out, b.b.w.—body (did you guess?) before wicket.

"And serve 'er right," says Old Hobden, or his grandson, watching from the trees, "wearing them great long skirts." Long skirts are unpopular; they are too great a help in fielding.

"I see them West Injuns on the television last week," he adds; and the bubble bursts, you are back in the twentieth century. Leaving the ladies in their borrowed hour from the seventeenth, you drive on to the quiet hamlet of Peasmarsh.

Quiet? The Sussex countryside has fresh surprises to offer. From the sloping oblong of pasture called Tanyard Field comes an unexpected bustle of voices, punctuated by the metallic summons of a public-address outfit. "Mr. Knight wanted in the pits, please," call the loud-speakers. Again you stop. This time, with a contrast about as complete as it could be, you find that you are assisting at the league-fixture between Peasmarsh Panthers and Sedlescombe Saints in the Sedlescombe Amateur Speedway League.

The speedway is a seventy-five-yard oval track where the grass has been worn away to a loose dust surface; the riders are those adolescent lads of the village whom the sponsors of stoolball have written





down as cricket-fans; and their mounts are stripped-down bicycles "hotted up" in the local garage. All the features of the motor-cycle sport are reproduced in miniature; but this isn't "only a game"—this is the new national sport.

The first race is about to begin. Here come R. Knight and P. Brann of the Panthers, and here are L. Larkin and D. Gammon, the Saints' first pair. Observe their dress, a point wherein much care is taken. The Panthers wear blouses of silver parachute silk with red and green Ps interlaced on the front; the Saints have a similar jacket bearing the name "SAINTS" in a red heart. There is nothing on the back, though some riders, such as Basher Hudson of the Saints, use the space as an advertisement hoarding to ensure that their names are kept before the public. The Saints wear little coloured caps for identification purposes; the Panthers content

themselves with the more orthodox armband. Some clubs go in for crash-helmets; but, as an experienced Panther explains, it's quite enough of a job keeping on your bike without worrying about keeping a crash-helmet on your head.

The four riders are lined up at the starting "gate," which is a strip of elastic stretched across the track by the starting marshal. Their average age is just under eighteen, and their tense, anxious expressions reveal the dimensions of the ordeal they are about to undergo. They are inspected for irregularities (such as having brakes, or handlebars more than thirty inches wide), and then flicked goes the elastic, and they're off.

Larkin takes the lead. He sets a hot pace, and his knees pump up and down like pistons. But Brann is close behind him as they skid round the first turn with their inside feet scraping the ground in true professional style. They are still bunched up as they come to the next turn. Brann makes a

strong effort to get inside at the corner (the inside man nearly always comes out first) but Larkin keeps close in to the line. Now Gammon is coming up on the outside at a terrific pace, trying to head Brann off at the corner; but it's no good, Brann is still there, he's just behind Larkin, and Gammon is still outside at the turn, and their wheels touch, and Gammon falls off. This is just too bad for Knight, pedalling along behind him, as he has to swerve to avoid running over him, and swerves right off the track, which means that he is disqualified.

Meanwhile it's still neck-and-neck out in front there, I think it's still Larkin in front, yes, he's still there, it's a terrific race, nothing can stop him now unless his wheels fall off (which seems quite likely), but Brann is still there behind him, he's riding a splendid race, this Brann, but Larkin is too fast for him—and there goes the chequered flag and Larkin is the winner. Brann is second, and Gammon, who mounted again after his little contretemps, is third. Time, says the loudspeaker, forty-four seconds. Forty-four seconds for four laps! It sounds terrific; statistics show, disappointingly, that it is only fourteen miles an hour. The track record, held by a Panther called Tony Agnew, is 41 3/5 seconds, or 14.75 m.p.h.

Later on, in the pits, R. (for Robert) Knight, the Panthers' captain and original founder, explains how the club started. "You know how boring it is living in a village," he begins.

Boring! You ought to try living in, say, Brixton, R. Knight; you don't know how lucky you are.

B. A. YOUNG



AT THE PICTURES

Fanny—Bitter Springs

ONE might have thought that we'd seen all the Raimu films; but no, *Fanny* (Director: MARC ALLEGRET) turns up from the time between the wars, and *César* is promised. The first of the trilogy was *Marius*, shown here a year or so ago; all three of these, produced and written by MARCEL PAGNOL, had great success in France. Perhaps the reason for their not having come over here before was censorship trouble; though apart from its being based on the awkward situation of an unmarried mother-to-be there is nothing in *Fanny* by which the censor is likely to have been upset. It's a rich patchwork of characters, of whom the richest and most endearing is César himself, the father of Marius who as this film opens has gone away to sea leaving his girl in trouble. They live in the Old Port of Marseilles, where César keeps the "Bar de la Marine," and his friends who frequent the place are the master sailmaker, the captain of the ferry-boat and the Customs man. Conversational groups such as this—sometimes involved in passionate argument with César himself, or in his absence weightily discussing such matters as softening of the

brain—are the stuff of the picture, though the narrative line is chiefly concerned with the touching desire of Panisse, the elderly master sailmaker, to marry the girl and so be able to put up the words "et Fils" outside his shop. One reason for the satisfaction and entertainment one gets from the talk, if one knows a little French, is the extent of the ordinary Frenchman's vocabulary, his complete unconsciousness about using the word that isn't the quite obvious word. Delightful to hear the missing son indignantly referred to, without any deprecating pause, as "ce navigateur dénature!" A small point, I agree; certainly the strength of this piece is character, superlatively well conveyed by RAIMU, hardly less well by CHARPIN as Panisse, and by the writer and the director, who by clever choice of incident and point of view make one feel the character of the place and the community. Even the slapstick moments (the shot diving-suit, the



[Bitter Springs]

Riding High

Wally King—CHIPS RAFFERTY

characters to illustrate a theme. Given the laudable aim of recalling, by following the fortunes of one family group, the pioneering days in Australia in the early nineteenth-hundreds—given that aim, did the personages all have to be types and say and do the things expected of them? Of course there are the aborigines, and the kangaroos, and the scenery (upper half of the screen, clouds; lower half, clouds of sheep); these are interesting; but for me they weren't enough. As for the character played by TOMMY THUNDER, who might almost wear a label "Comic Relief," so mathematically regular are the intervals at which he is called on to provide it . . . Sorry to be so ungracious. You, perhaps, will agree with the enthusiasts.

Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

The best things in London are *Letter from an Unknown Woman* and the French programme at the Continentale, *Orpheus* (14/6/50) and *Au delà des Grilles* (22/3/50).

Releases are nothing special, but *Dance Hall* (21/6/50), *Three Husbands* (19/7/50), and a well-acted piece with a silly dénouement, *Ellen*, all have good points.

RICHARD MALLETT



Tableau Buvant

[Fanny]

César—RAIMU
Panisse—CHARPINEscartefigue—MOURIES
M. Bruu—P. ASSO

TWO OF EVERYTHING

WHAT do you do with the flint that's left in a packet of two after you have taken out one to put in your lighter?

I used to screw up those little packets carefully and put them in a safe place for use next time. As soon as next time came I would go straight to the spot, and there, for some reason, they never were. I would find many articles of great usefulness and no small value, put away for safe-keeping on previous occasions, such as tubes of china-mending paste and rawlplugs (assorted sizes); perhaps I would even put my hand hopefully into a small paper bag and withdraw it with four or five very sharp glazier's tacks sticking into my fingers—but never, never would I find the thing I was looking for.

It does not take long to calculate that the huge profits made by what Germans would call 'gaslighterflint-makers' are entirely due to this spurious trade in vanishing duplicates. I therefore sat down and compiled the following list of some of the articles of which I habitually buy a fresh supply whenever I want them, irrespective of the unexhausted stock I know to be somewhere in the house:

Sticks of sealing wax
Hooks for curtain runners
Luggage labels
Pins (drawing and safety)
Flints
Tap washers
Nails

A word about nails. Whenever I want a nail I can never find the right size in the jam-jar which I keep for the purpose. I can find short stubby nails for which workmen have a special term of affection, I can find thin long things that bend as soon as they catch sight of the hammer. I can find tubes of patent glue that ooze from the most unlikely apertures, I can find yards and yards of fuse-wire of indeterminate amperage. I can even find flints in carefully screwed up packets, but no half-inch nails with ordinary heads.

At the ironmonger's the following conversation ensues:

I. Have you any half-inch nails?
Monger. How many do you want?

I. Say two, or perhaps three in case I spoil one.

Monger. They're eightpence a pound.

I (making lightning calculations as to what is the smallest quantity that will not produce a fraction of a penny). I'll have a quarter of a pound, please.

With a snort of derision the ironmonger dips into a barrel and pulls out a handful of nails. To show his contempt he does not even weigh them, wraps them in a page from the nearest telephone directory and thrusts them into my hand, with one particularly sharp nail sticking out and burying itself in my palm. When I pay with a ten-shilling note he looks ready to pickle me in cream, 1/6 per gall., bring your own tin.

As soon as I get home I use one or two of the nails, put the rest away carefully and never see them again until I want a stick of sealing wax. Certainly I do not see them when I want them for an emergency repair.

The other day I decided to put

a stop to this waste. I was going to build a small lock-up cabinet with room for all the flints and nails and fuse-wires.

Admittedly it meant buying a fresh lot of nails and hinges and glue, of which I was quite sure I had bought a stock not so very long ago. But I consoled myself with the thought that everything I did not use would go straight into the cabinet.

In the end I made a good job of it, put all the things inside and locked up. I was positively looking forward to opening it for the first time and putting my hands at once on whatever I wanted.

I did not have to wait very long for the need to arise. When I went to the shelf to look for the key I could not find it. I found the old hinges. I found that tube of glue, but no key.

Fortunately I had a duplicate key, and—even more fortunate—I knew where I kept it. In the cabinet.

Coo!

"Good Home offered elderly lady in return for assisting young mother with refined week-old baby."

Advt. in New Zealand paper



"Like to have a little chat with mother?"

RIGHT OFF THE MAP

WISE men have been criticizing the poetry of the present day. They think it is too obscure. They have little patience with the complaints of the poets that so few people read their songs—if songs be the appropriate word.

It is not for me to subscribe to these criticisms. But I may perhaps be allowed (in one case at least) to console. In a very large volume of poetry, more than three hundred pages long, by Mr. Philip Freund, "best known in America for his nine-hundred-page trilogy, *The Zoltans*," I find a sonnet called "Stratford." The book is named *Private Speech*.^{*} The sonnet runs:

*Shakespeare is dead but is not buried well,
An abbey's cloister is too gray for him
Where never reaches sunlight from the noon
Or deeper music than an abbey's knell,
Or night comes on in awe, or follows soon
Across the tremulous waves, a gray Lear moon—
An old man greatly mad—as King to tell
The watery moors to make a way for him.*

*Better had it been here, beside this stream
That now past sleeping Stratford quietly
Moves on between the fragrant banks he loved,
Where dreamed the boys (So through eternity!)
Whilst patient Avon swells the immortal flood
Eastward through England to the outer sea.*

Sonnet, I said. For the poem has fourteen lines and there is a clear piece of white paper between the first eight lines and the last six. I like well the rhyme between the second and the eighth line which I find a wholly original artifice, and the notion of not rhyming at all, or not so that you would notice it, in the sestet; I like also the assonance in the line "or night comes on in awe, or follows soon." It has to my ear a haunting sound.

But I do not wish to comment on the craftsmanship; I am concerned rather to lift a load from the poet's mind. Let him take heart and dry his tears. There is no real cause for alarm. Shakespeare has not been buried in any gray cloister of any gray abbey at all. I state this without fear of contradiction even from Baconians.

*Not in the abbey proudly laid
Find they a place or part;
The gallant boys of the Old Brigade
They sleep in old England's heart.*

And whether this is true or not of the dreamy boys in the twelfth line of the sonnet it is certainly true of Shakespeare himself. Seventeen feet deep (they say) he lies, in the chancel of Stratford Church. The report of his death is accurate, but not of his funeral. He is buried in England's heart. He is buried beside the stream that etceteras between the

fragrant banks he loved, and if the poet will only come over for the Festival of Britain next year they will tell him all about it and give him a picture postcard to take home.

But he will be disappointed in the Warwickshire Avon. It is not so patient as he thinks. Despairing of the tedious process of flowing uphill through England and eastward to the outer sea, it decided long ago to shuffle off south-westward through Evesham and Pershore (under the new bridge and under the old) and on to Tewkesbury and shoulder its way at last into the Severn, and slip out to the west.

It must be obvious to Mr. Freund after this that whatever the night and the moon and King Lear may be playing at they are not doing a bit of good by chasing after abbeys to find Shakespeare's resting place, or by following him over watery moors to eternity or the Wash or anywhere else.

The whole itinerary breaks down, and (except for its verbal felicity) the sonnet may be said to have been written almost in vain. I am sorry about the unenterprising Avon, but the good news about Shakespeare I hasten to spread across the tremulous waves of the Atlantic as soon as I can. EVOE

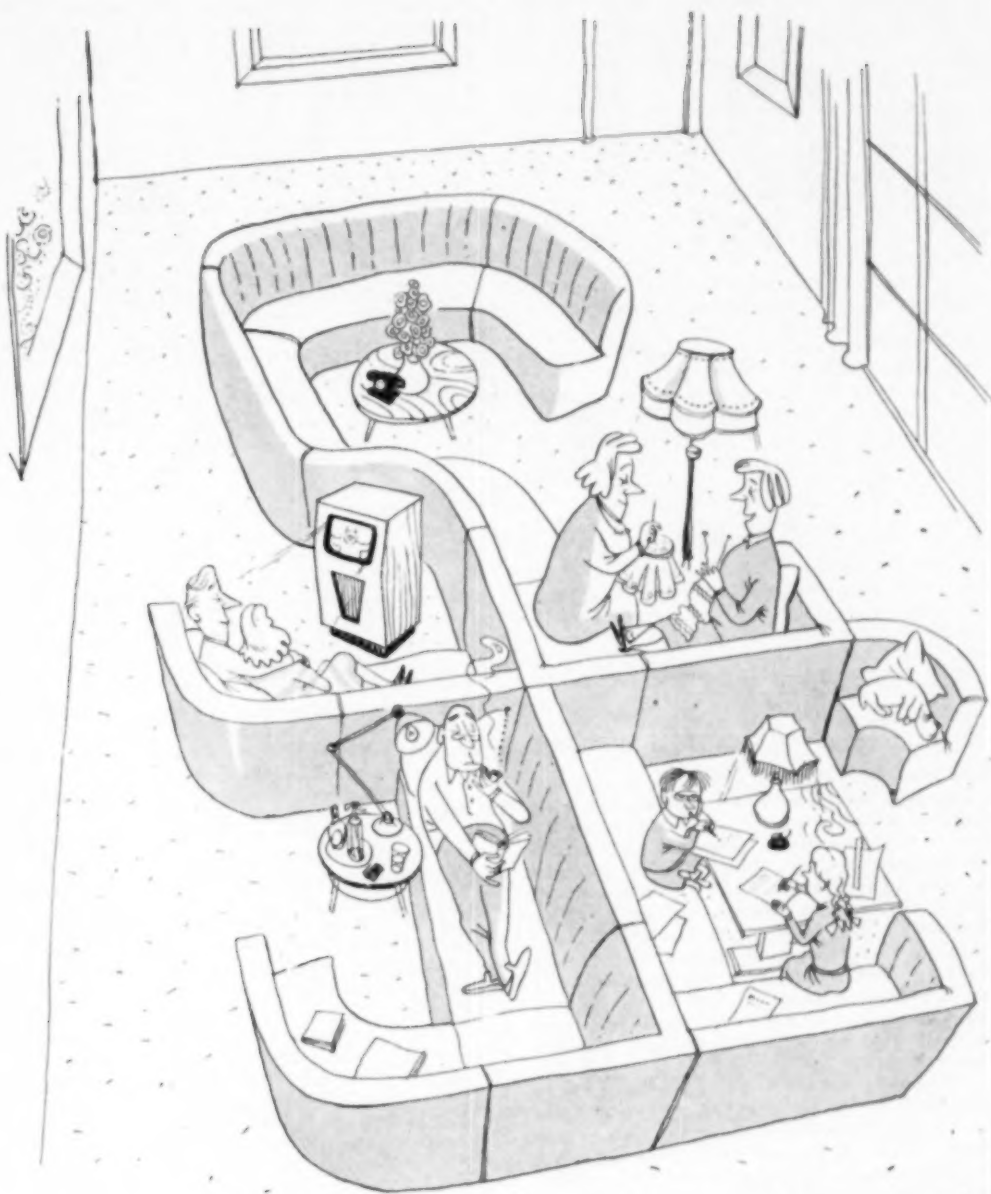
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PERIOD PIECES

DO you remember when the Silent Screen In all its speckled wonder first was seen How the brave piano, upright, overwrought, Tuned our emotion, set our simple thought? No sheriff's posse down the dusty trail, Leather'd and lather'd, rode to save the Mail And foil the half-breed, oily and impure, Without the aid of "Zampa's" overture (Varied perhaps should Miss Golightly feel "Light Cavalry" would carry more appeal). What tether'd blonde, athwart the railway line— Or in the sawmill, cutting it too fine— Wrenched at her bonds, in agonies of fear, Without "Tancredi" ringing in her ear? Those seas that made the far horizon dip And wrenched the tiller in the hero's grip Rose, broke, receded as if ev'ry wave Followed the cadences of "Fingal's Cave." (Unless, of course, there was a heavy swell Which called—and not in vain—for "William Tell.") The tempest spent (and Miss Golightly too), The "Spring Song" with the dawn came breaking through.

Those village greens!—with "Dances from Nell Gwynn"; Those desert sands!—"A Persian Market (In)"; Those rustling springs!—when Sinding's score was apt; "Cavalleria" to stress the moment rapt. All these and more until the reel was run And handclasped lovers watched the dying sun, While Miss Golightly, well within her powers, Offered, diminishing, "Hearts and Flowers."

^{*} (W. H. Allen, 1956)



—HFWILES



"We think he's going to be a Customs officer."

LITTLE WOMEN AND BAD WIVES

NO journalist has won his spurs until he has prized the lid off some scandal, and, as passers-by in Fleet Street are beginning to sneer at my heels, I fling my gauntlet at the Minister of Education. Has he ever read the works of Louisa M. Alcott? Does he realize that several generations of Our Girls have been encouraged to imitate Mrs. March's upbringing of her daughters? Is he doing anything to protect them? I am moved to pose these grave questions by the results of a survey of housekeeping in the March home. I print my evidence below and challenge the Minister, and/or his minions, to state what action they intend to take to preserve our English Rosebuds from this pernicious example.

"Marmee," as her besotted children called her, sang about the house like a lark and was truly grateful that she "not only possessed the will but the power to cook wholesome food for her little girls." However, when for once the family were provided with a sustaining breakfast, she trapped them into giving it away to a poor family, promising they would make up on bread-and-milk when they returned. If they visited other, and better-fed, homes she warned them not to eat much. When they invited a dozen guests to see some amateur theatricals at a Christmas party she provided

no refreshment at all, and everyone seemed most surprised when a meal was sent in by the rich old man next door. This attitude to nourishment does not seem to have been the result of penury, as the theatricals were elaborate enough to include a tower and a small furnace.

We first meet the family preparing for Marmee's return from Good Works. The four girls rush about between the parlour and the kitchen, apparently getting tea, and it is quite a shock to find that all the work of the household is really done by Old Hannah. The girls look up to her as possessing a standard of domestic knowledge they will never reach, but when we hear her pounding potatoes for dinner with a pestle we fear the worst, and one of her last appearances is to inquire "Will you have hash or fish-balls for breakfast?"

The girls were reared amidst a drizzle of moral precept by their mother, with whom they "had raptures," and whom they had been conditioned to praise incessantly. Yet she was quite incapable of teaching them the most elementary housekeeping. Beth was supposed to be the most housewifely of them all, but apart from singing like a little lark she did little except invent new kinds of dish-cloths, though she did once devise a luncheon dish of pumpkin boiled

and mashed with salt and butter. She wipes away tears with a blue army sock, and at tea "clapped her hands, regardless of the biscuit she held."

Amy seems to have been even less domesticated than her sisters. When she took up poker-work "the odour of burning wood pervaded the house at all hours; red-hot pokers lay about promiscuously, and Hannah never went to bed without a pail of water and a dinner-bell at her door, in case of fire." Marmee remained quite unperturbed. She was a detached woman, and when Amy went for a long holiday abroad, married and had a month's honeymoon, all without mentioning it to her parents until she returned, they were delighted by the surprise. Amy once invited some friends to come sketching with her and offered to provide a picnic. Hannah cooked a chicken that was tough, a tongue that was too salt and some chocolate that did not froth properly. None of the guests arrived, owing to bad weather, and the next day, when Mr. March had failed to buy a lobster—shellfish, like bread and butter, were a solution of many difficulties in the family—Marmee remarked "Use the chicken, then; the toughness won't matter in a salad." However, the kittens had got the chicken. As the guests, knowing the Marches, did not arrive the next day either, the family "sat down to ice-cream and salad for the second time in two days." This overfeeding reduced Amy to tearful contrition and, telling them to bundle the food off to a poor German family, she cried "There's no reason you should all die of a surfeit because I've been a fool."

Jo, the real heroine, was devoted to Marmee, who felt a special pride in her. She had dropped Amy in the coal-hod as a baby, and when asked to curl her sister's hair burnt it all off with the hot tongs. When a sister was married—there was no elaborate wedding breakfast but a plentiful lunch of cake and fruit dressed with flowers—she managed to drop the Wedding Cake. To bring home her children's dependence on her Marmee once left them to look after themselves for a day. This induced "a strange sense of helplessness." The four jointly prepared a breakfast of boiled tea, scorched omelette and biscuits and took Marmee's up to her in bed; however, she had her own hidden in the room. As Meg, aged sixteen, said she could only make bread, Jo, aged fifteen, took over the cooking. She planned a simple meal with asparagus and lobsters and remarked, "We'll have a lettuce, and make a salad. I don't know how, but the book tells." Marmee characteristically ate out and the dinner was uneatable. On her return Marmee suggested that Jo should learn plain cooking, "a useful accomplishment which no woman should be without." A month later Jo had mastered coffee.

Meg, who had once sent the invalid boy next door a blanc-mange surrounded by a garland of geranium flowers, was the first to fall in love. For the three years of her engagement she spent her time "growing wise in housewifely arts." Hannah prepared her new home, Beth invented three different kinds of dish-cloth and Jo placed Meg's few barrels in the store-room. Despite her intensive training, Meg found the going hard with only one servant. She worked steadily

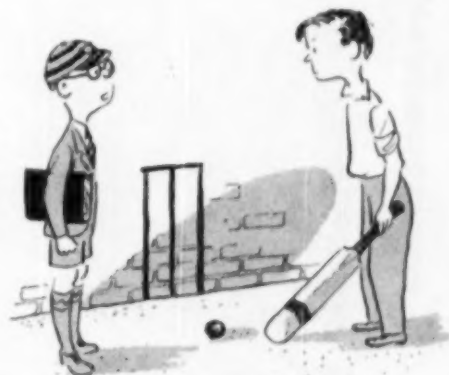
through the cookery-book and "sometimes her family were invited in to help eat up a too bounteous feast of successes, or Lotty would be privately dispatched with a batch of failures, which were to be concealed in the convenient stomachs of the little Hummels." Then, after seeing her extravagance reflected in the account-book, she had a frugal fit and fed her husband on "bread-pudding, hash and warmed-over coffee."

Meg's husband, John, did the catering, and on one appalling night took her at her word and brought a friend home unexpectedly to dine. It was the day Meg had decided to tackle currant jelly. She had seen Hannah make it "hundreds of times," no doubt during her three years of intensive preparation for matrimony, but it defeated her. Assisted by Lotty, she had done nothing else all day but try to make it jell. The doorstep was muddled from the day before; even the parlour curtains had not been drawn. When John asked after the beef and vegetables he had sent home and the pudding she had promised, she broke down and sobbed that she had intended to dine at mother's.

The birth of twins distracted Meg from looking after John and he was left to a reinforced domestic staff who kept him on short commons. Meg did not so much nurse her babies as brood over them, reproducing the methods of Marmee. John took to dining at a friend's house. "If he hinted at a lecture or concert, he was answered with a reproachful look, and a decided 'Leave my children for pleasure, never!'" Marmee saved the situation by sending Hannah to look after the children and telling Meg to ask John questions about politics to keep him happy in the evenings.

At the end of *Good Wives* Jo exclaims to her mother: "We can never thank you enough for the patient sowing and reaping you have done." The views of the husbands are not recorded.

R. G. G. PRICE



Hollowood

"No, you be Len Hutton and I'll be Neville Cardus."

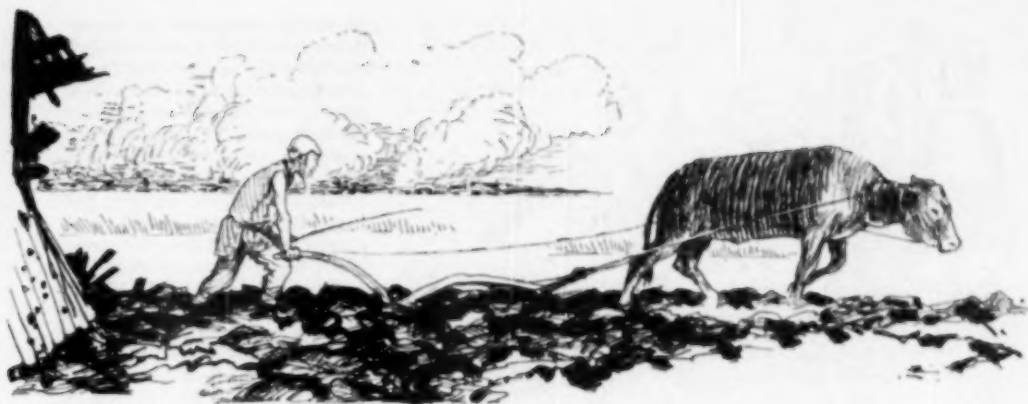


THE CIVILIZED

GLADLY I hold my little bowl
In both my hands, and say
"I, Chan, will eat to-day—
Perhaps a little less than is enough—
Yet I can find some thankfulness
With which to spice my dish.
My conqueror serves me,
Thus my slave is he,
And I may raise him by my courtesy,
Accepting with a smile the proffered dol
Allotted for my day's necessity."

Communal life is rough.
I was a master of lands—
My bullocks knew my cry.
Five sons, all lean as whips, had I
To go before me barefoot in the field
Of shallow waters. I have seen
Full fifty harvests rise
Green in the fertile floods: the yield
Provided all my kin, nourished my herd,
Kept a dry roof above my head—
Served all my needs.





But I lay in the path of war,
Gone is my home. No more
Shall the women call welcome
Nor set at my open door
The fragrant bath, the silken garment,
The sandals of softest leather.
I am alone. I know nothing
But that warm weather
Is kinder than cold, that to wear raiment
Is nobler than going naked.
Hunger can no more relish
The roll of the rice on my tongue.
I sit among strangers.

So I, Chan, take my bowl
My day's portion of life,
My sop from the aggressor.
With no unseemly haste
My ancient dignity
Attends at my repast.
First I shall taste
The warmth in my withered palms.
The grains indeed are rice;
War does not change their nature
Nor the enemy's artifice
Twist their established shape.

This little heap—I raise it to the sun,
The sun that burns to stiffness all my sorrows—
I bend my head—my meal is now begun.

I see the rice-birds rising
In flocks from the morning waters.
I hear the paddling feet,
The chatter and the laughter
Of brown boys bent to the wheat.
Rice is a goodly food.
And I, Chan,
Am graciously satisfied.

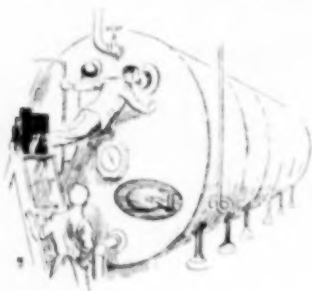




NO HOKEY-POKEY

ONE of the delights of cricket is that its pageantry is not confined to the big Test and Championship games. A hot day at Lord's usually produces that delightful unofficial interval known as "Drinks," when a blazered twelfth man (in the days of "W. G." it was a waiter in a monkey jacket) emerges from the deepshade of the pavilion with a tray of glasses; any Saturday afternoon in our village produces an unofficial interval known as "Ices," when a blue-and-cream motor-van sidles up to the square-leg boundary and is immediately surrounded by players and umpires.

I should not like it to be thought that our village cricket team is ice-cream-total, so to speak; that would be a shameful betrayal of the true spirit of the game and of the hospitable alacrity of the land-

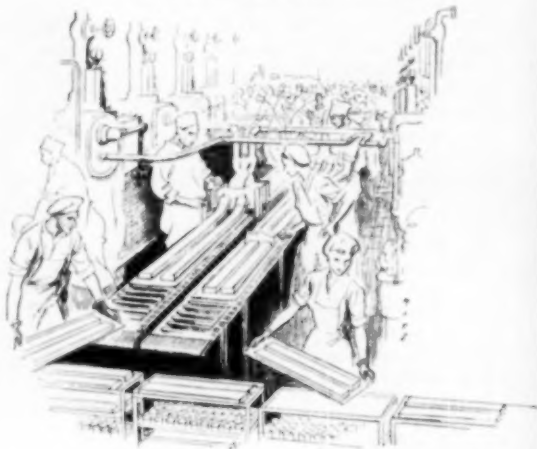


lord of the "Windmill Inn." But we do, almost to a man, take our ices; and I say this knowing perfectly well that it will startle and even disgust many ex-cricketers among my readers. I might add, almost in confirmation, that the ices interval is reputed to be worth at least one quick wicket to the bowling side.

The van—for that is what I am really concerned with here—is a streamlined affair exhibiting its scrupulous, sterilized cleanliness as obviously as an ambulance. The ices are dispensed by a clean-shaven dispenser in white cap and coat, and his dispensing equipment gleams like an apothecary's balance. It is a pretty far cry from all this to the gondola ice-cream cart of the eighteen-fifties with its wooden tub, chipped ice, striped awning and swarthy Latin barrow-boy. Then to buy ice-cream was to gamble for delectable refreshment against the possibility of acute disorder in the digestive tract. Hokey-pokey was very often hocus-pocus.

Between Hokey-Pokey Joe and

the modern refrigerator on wheels, in this brief history, there trundled the "Stop Me and Buy One" man on his tricycle. His was but a short outing, yet during his twenty years he developed from a curiosity and a butt of music-hall comedy into a minor national institution. His coming (in 1922) and his going (he is rapidly dying out) should be of interest to the student of commerce. Wall's began to mass-produce ice-cream shortly after World War I, when they had been in business as sausage manufacturers for more than a hundred years. The connection between sausages and ice-cream was one of fact but not of substance—merely that as seasonal trades they were complementary: thirty years ago people would eat



sausages only when there was an "R" in the month and ice-cream when there wasn't. And after World War I, as after World War II, seasonal labour was almost impossible to recruit.

Mass-produced ice-cream did not, however, appeal immediately to the shopkeepers, so the manufacturers tried their novel, three-wheeled, direct-sales method, and it proved successful. By 1939 there were nearly nine thousand of this one firm's tricycles on the road. Stop me if there weren't! In London a man had only to raise his umbrella to become the target of hordes of taxis and tricycles, trying to muscle

in on a buyer's market. By 1945, after the years of famine, ice-cream had become a luxury for anyone with a sweet and reasonably nerveless tooth, and there was no longer any difficulty in persuading retailers to stock it. The seasonal tricyclists thinned out and "Stop Me and Buy One" became "Ices Sold Here."

As I have already divulged, ice-cream first appeared on the streets of London in the fifties of the last century—that is, as soon as the Hungry Forties had elapsed. I am now in a position to disclose that Italian recipes for ice-cream reached north-west Europe in 1537 by way of Catherine de' Medici; that in 1640 Charles I rewarded his cook, Gerardo Tassin, with a pension for evolving a super ice-cream recipe; and that Pennsylvania State College introduced the first ice-cream degree in 1892. And such revelations, it must be obvious, are possible only after the most intensive research into official trade brochures and



hand-outs.

Originally, we may suppose, ice-cream was merely frozen and sweetened cream: nowadays (and we are not quite back to normal conditions yet) it is a concoction containing sugar-syrup, fats, flour,

dried eggs, milk powder and many other raw materials which is submitted in turn to mixing vats, pasteurizers, filters, viscolizers, homogenizers, Majonniere coolers, ageing vats, freezer barrels, mutator shafts, blast-hardening tunnels and wrapping machines. On my tour of the Acton factory I had reached what I took to be the mutator shafts when a kind guide offered me a choc bar. I had to refuse it: not because my preference is for vanilla flavouring but because I had seen too

much. Too much ice-cream, that is. I had seen mountains of the stuff, endless ribbons, huge bars, sheets and wedges, buckets and tanks. At first my mouth had watered, and then my gorge had risen. It will be days before I shall have the courage to face a sixpenny vanilla at the café when I take my midday snack. . . .

"Put your hand over your kidneys," said the guide as he pushed at a massive leaden door. "That's where it usually gets you."

I put my right hand somewhere in the small of my back and followed him into the hardening chamber. The shock of this sudden immersion into a temperature of fifty-two degrees below freezing point was truly alarming. I no

longer feared for my kidneys; my nose and ears seemed to be in much greater peril. Thick white frost covered everything and the scene was utterly bleak in the arctic twilight. Through the icy air behind a

lot of breath I discerned the shapeless outlines of a hooded explorer in fur-lined coat and boots. The word pemmican surfaced in my mind. "Don't lie down," I kept telling myself as I studied the five miles of ammonia-filled refrigerator-piping and watched the tubs of ice-cream freeze up. "It's fatal to lie down in this soporific cold. Must keep on the move somehow."

And then my guide prodded me in the back and we emerged into the warmth of the filling shop. I hated to walk out on the explorer like this, and said so.

"Don't worry, he's all right," my guide said. "Relieved every thirty minutes, and then stuffed with cod-liver oil, malt and hot drinks. Healthiest fellows in the factory, the tunnel workers."

My last point of inspection was the laboratory, which looked exactly like a laboratory and was stiff with analysts, physicists and bacteriologists. Twenty-two samples from various parts of the factory are



examined every day to ensure that no harmful bacilli are lurking in the mix: if an unpleasant bacillus is discovered he is immediately cordoned off and dispatched.

"If you can stand criticism," I said to a managerial mogul, "may I say that I consider the nomenclature of ice-cream rather unfortunate?"

"We are always ready to learn," he said.

"I dislike the terms 'bricquette,' 'large brick' and 'tub': you might as well say 'tile,' 'slate' and 'bucket.' 'Brick' and 'bricquette' suggest bone-hardness and havoc with exposed dental nerve-endings: 'tub' suggests a surfeit. Do I make myself clear?"

"Good ice-cream," he said, "should be served at a temperature not lower than ten degrees Fahrenheit; that is, in such a condition that the muscles of the tongue are not over-taxed. In the consumption of ice-cream the teeth are not necessarily brought into play. But if you have any suggestions?"

I had to confess that I had not.

On my way out of the factory I managed to pocket a bricquette. It made my journey back to Fleet Street by Tube a most enjoyable experience.

BERNARD HOLLOWOOD



LIMELIGHT BLUES

THE man at the walnut desk gulped a couple of tablets and struck himself once or twice over the heart. With the other hand he scrambled two evening papers into a ball and threw them savagely across the office. Miss Seeley, whom they narrowly missed, did not flinch. She was used to Mr. Thrusting's troubles, digestive and otherwise.

"Bears, bears!" grated Mr. Thrusting. "Nothing but — bears!"

"It's what the public wants," said Miss Seeley, her inflexion laying no claim to the sentiment's originality. She went on smoothly

"There's a new prospect in the waiting-room. Poet, he says."

The man at the desk clapped a hand to his head and drew it slowly down his face. "No," he said. "Not a poet; please, not to-day; not —"

The telephone clamoured. Miss Seeley told it with automatic charm "Personal Press Publicity, Mr. Thrusting's secretary." She idly lifted a leg to inspect her stocking-seam. "Oh, yes, Mr. Loom . . . no, we couldn't manage the evening gossip . . . to-morrow's dailies, yes . . . we made it chicken-pox, it builds better than measles . . . Your wife's done what! . . . Oh,

no, I don't think we could. Good-bye now."

"What's she done?" said Mr. Thrusting dully.

"We couldn't use it. What about this poet?"

The man hit the desk with a paper-weight. "Who can publicize poets, for Pete's sake? Why can't Carter see him? Why do I get all the oboe-players and missionaries, never footballers or heiresses? The last time I —"

"I'll send him in," said the girl, neatly tent-pegging the ball of newspaper. "His name's Giggle."

Mr. Thrusting swore, and threw his bottle of tablets into the wastebin. But by the time the visitor had appeared he was sufficiently himself to be putting on a bold front at the dictaphone. "Amendment, Item nine-three-four: for present opening substitute as follows: 'When Lucius Foliage, famed lepidopterist, planned on a caravan holiday this year he little thought that romance lay around the corner.' Then proceed as from 'Mr. Foliage, who, of course.' Amendment ends." He turned to the poet, a small man in a raincoat, and gave him a smile of alert geniality.

"Do sit down, Mr. Giggle."

"Thank you." The poet sat and looked into his hat. "I ought to say that the idea of buying publicity" — Mr. Thrusting winced humorously — "isn't mine. The publishers thought —"

"Let us begin at the beginning, shall we?" Mr. Thrusting drew a *pro forma* from his stationery-rack, forcing himself to take slow, deep breaths. "Would you care to give me your full name?"

"Hubert," said the poet, not looking up.

One of the deep breaths seemed to get caught up on something. "I see," said Mr. Thrusting, writing. "Good. Capital." He sat back, and talked at the small but well-ornamented chandelier. "You must realize, Mr. Giggle, that personal publicity has never been so difficult to place as it is to-day. The public insists more and more on reading what it wants to read — lace pants, bears, all that kind of thing. When I tell you that an item of ours about



a toastmaster falling through a skylight only attracted coverage in the *East Purling Sentinel and Advertiser* you will see something of our problems."

"Of course," said the poet.

"And another thing: we can only use the truth, Mr. Giggie."

"Oh, naturally. I—"

"If you want us to tell the world that you fell through a skylight, then you must *fall* through a skylight. You get my meaning?"

"Oh, quite," said the poet.

"But—"

"Excellent," said Mr. Thrusting. "Splendid." He dug himself in the V of his heavily handstitched waistcoat with the butt of a paper-knife, compressing his lips until they momentarily vanished. "Now then," he said, after a moment—"we usually start with background, early life, parents, and so forth. Any material there? Either parent a lion-tamer, suffragette, deep-sea diver, anything after that manner? Sisters swum the Channel, climbed Everest, been fired from a gun, that class of thing?"

"No-o," said the poet slowly. "Father is a retired sub-dean. I don't know if that—"

Mr. Thrusting's pencil broke. "Yes," he said. "Yes, that's very —er—Well now, can you recollect any experience of your own, I wonder? Been robbed in the street, shipwrecked, injured in a gas main explosion?"

The poet shook his head.

"Hammered on the Stock Exchange? Reported dead?"

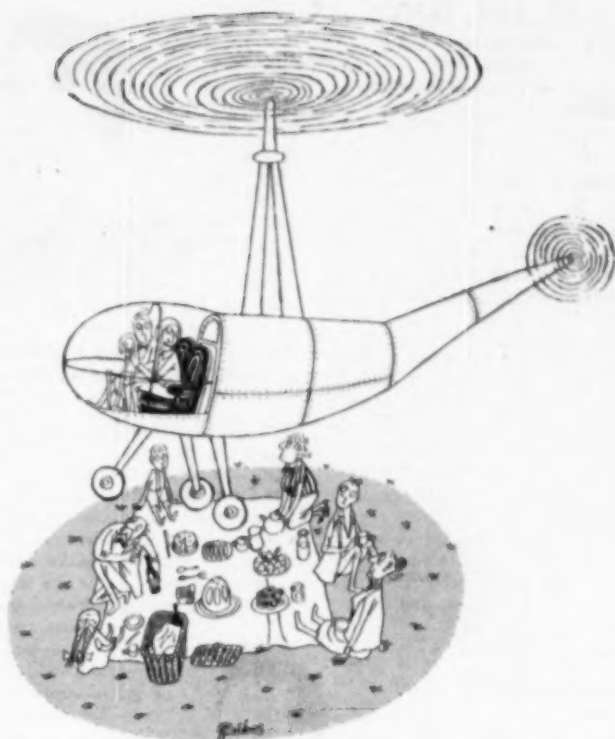
"No," said the poet.

"But you must have been reported dead," said Mr. Thrusting wildly. "I mean, *everybody's* been reported—" He broke off.

There was a hush in the room. If only that Seeley girl would break in with one of her tomfool interjections. If only the phone would ring. If only someone could do something—anything—about nervous dyspepsia . . .

"I suppose"—but he knew the inspiration was stillborn—"I suppose you aren't the father of quadruplets?"

The poet hung his head in silence, and it was some time before



"As I said, it can land on a tablecloth."

Mr. Thrusting found enough voice to drown the electric clock's disgruntled whirrings. Then it was a mere croak. "What poetry . . . have you written?"

The very sound of the words brought on a slight bout of giddiness. When the swimming shadows cleared he saw that a small, close-printed booklet had appeared on his blotter; it was headed *Hits of Nineteen-Fifty*!

"I've marked the ones by me," the poet was saying. "Love is like a calendar, 'Love me and lose me,' 'Who wants to fall in love?' 'Love brought me a—'"

Mr. Thrusting stood up.

"You write this material!"

"Yes. The publishers thought—"

"And sell it!"

"Yes. The—"

"And your father's a sub-dean?"

"Retired sub-dean."

"Retired sub-dean. Ye-es."

Mr. Thrusting slapped himself, double-handed, across the stomach. It didn't hurt a bit. He clapped the poet on the back and pushed the *pro forma* over.

"Sign here, old man," he said.

"We'll do those — bears yet!"

J. B. BOOTHBYD

"Harji pleaded guilty to all three counts but in extenuation it was said that accused had had his business for 20 years without a single inspector from the P.W.D. asking him for a permit. He had been lulled into a sense of security for 18 years."—*East African Standard*

The first two years are the worst.

AT THE PLAY

The Taming of the Shrew

(OPEN AIR)

Variety—(PALLADIUM)



THE temptation to produce *The Taming of the Shrew* in slapstick is very great, and it is interesting to note that the play suffers less from broad treatment in the open air than in the theatre. On Mr. ROBERT ATKINS' wide and verdant stage in Regent's Park romps and tumbles seem natural, perhaps because of the proximity of the Zoo; and though the antics here are sometimes a little forced his spirited company does succeed in being funny. Mr. ANTONY EUSTREL's *Petruchio* is a cross between *d'Artagnan* and Douglas Fairbanks Senior, an athletic and romantic ringmaster, and Miss RUTH LODGE, who makes no attempt to explain *Katherina's* preposterous conversion, switches directly from galloping sulks to charm and dignity. They make a good pair, and the storms of *Katherina's* education must be recorded nightly on the Air Ministry roof. Mr. ATKINS has taken particular pains with the servants: Mr. PETER FAWCETT's *Biondello* and Mr. TOKE TOWNLEY's *Grumio* are richly comic, and *Petruchio's* ragged household also know their business. Add to this a *Pedant* by Mr. LESLIE CROWTHER based on Chinstrap, lively performances by Mr. RAYMOND ROLLETT as *Sly*, Mr. JOHN FABIAN as *Lucentio*, and Mr. DAVID POWELL as *Hortensio*, and against the lovely setting of flood-lit bushes you have an amusing evening.



Wife-beater

*[The Taming of the Shrew]**Petruchio*—MR. ANTONY EUSTREL; *Katherina*—MISS RUTH LODGE

Shakespeare's method of taming shrews is of course outmoded. Nowadays *Petruchio* would have sent for a microphone and thrown *Katherina* into a trance by murmuring into it that she was his ha-bee and that he was hers till all was blue-oo. This is the way in which Mr. FRANK SINATRA has aroused passionate ecstasy in a large proportion of the English-speaking race—not merely in shrews but in mild maidens, grown-up old ladies and grizzled men of the world.

The cataclysmic effect of this not extraordinary young man on so wide an assortment of humanity is something which only a psychopathologist could explain. Social historians of the future are likely to find in it a significant return to the mass-hysteria of primitive peoples. To me it is a mystery, a ritual unshared but of great interest. There is nothing whatever abnormal about Mr. SINATRA. If he came on to the Centre Court

you would say he was yet another hard-hitting American. He looks fit and has nice manners and approaches his work with earnest sincerity, tinged now and then with coyness. In him there is none of the eccentric genius of Danny Kaye. Indeed his gestures are somewhat amateur; when he is not caressing the microphone to which he owes so much they are limited almost to an open swing of his arms, giving the impression of a life-saving instructor swimming on his back. Apart from one or two old favourites, like *Ol' Man River*, his songs are amorous confectionery of the most conventional kind; the more sugared they become the more slowly he delivers them, in a voice pleasant rather than remarkable. He looks so sensible that it seems strangely out of character for him to complain so persistently of being racked and pulverized by love.

Wit is by no means his weapon, but the new and potent art of the vocal close-up—a thing as far removed from singing as it used to be as the simpering of the old-time film-star was removed from acting.

Recommended

Eric Portman's trades union Governor-General in *His Excellency* (Princes), a fair play about politics, should not be missed. Nor should *The Holly and the Ivy* (Duchess), a family play provoking argument. For a lighter evening, *Touch and Go* (Prince of Wales) is lively American revue. ERIC KEOWN



Lady-killer

MR. FRANK SINATRA

HASLEMERE SILVER JUBILEE FESTIVAL

THE belief in Progress that filled men's minds in the nineteenth century had many curious effects. It penetrated even the sphere of music, and so bedevilled the thinking of musicians that Sir Hubert Parry regarded the viol as an imperfect forerunner of the violin, and its music as shadowy and colourless with "no independent artistic status."

It is very largely due to Arnold Dolmetsch that we now realize fully that a viol is not a half-baked violin, that a Fantasy by Orlando Gibbons is not an underdone string quartet by Brahms and that neither harpsichord, clavichord, virginals nor spinet is an adolescent grand piano, but that all these are beautiful instruments in themselves with a literature suited to their own particular genius. A music-lover hearing for the first time Bach's "48" played upon a clavichord will be astonished to find that the instrument's ethereal tones reveal beauties in the music never before imagined and make the sound of the same work on a grand piano seem quite intolerable afterwards. Thus chastened, he will listen with new ears to a consort of viols; and having heard will certainly conclude that there is something here which merits investigation, even if he does not whole-heartedly sympathize with the cry of the viol-player Thomas Mace, to whom the new-fangled violin was "rather fit to make a Man's Ears Glow, and fill his Brains full of Frisks than to Season and Sober his Mind."

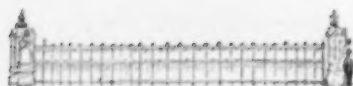
He will in fact be repeating the initial discovery made by Arnold Dolmetsch more than half a century ago. In the British Museum Dolmetsch chanced upon the manuscripts of some seventeenth-century viol music and, full of astonishment at the beauty of his find, resolved to see what other treasures might be lying hidden and forgotten beneath the dust of centuries. There seemed to be quantities of this music, so he acquired some viols and applied himself to learning how to restore them and play upon them. This led him to the study of the lute, virginals, harpsichord, clavichord

and their literatures and long-forgotten traditions. His original discovery had proved to be a stone dropped into a pool whose ripples, spreading wider and wider, led to half a century of experimentation in instrument-making as well as scholarship, teaching and playing. His children now carry on his work; and the Haslemere Festival of Chamber Music, which he started in 1925, has this year celebrated its Silver Jubilee with six concerts of music of the sixteenth to eighteenth centuries, and lectures, exhibitions and demonstrations of the art of playing old instruments. Bach has figured considerably in the programmes, as this year is the bicentenary of his death; so have Mozart, Haydn and many other Continental composers. But it is the English composers of this Golden Age of music—William Lawes, Giles Farnaby, John Jenkins, William Byrd, Thomas Campion, Philip Rosseter and the rest, and later the incomparable Purcell—that make

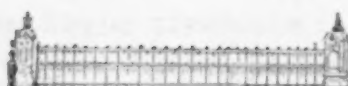
the greatest appeal. Theirs is music that expresses the joy of a people freed from mediæval tyranny and not yet oppressed by Puritanism, with wealth and prosperity opening out before them and not yet burdening them with industrialism; serene, gracious music, existing purely for the sake of beauty of sound and ingenuity of design; written not for virtuosi but for amateurs, to be played and enjoyed among friends in the intimacy of the home. It loses its intimate quality on a concert platform, but the Dolmetsch family keep in their playing of it the spirit of the true amateur. They can all play at least two instruments—a viol and a recorder, large or small. They do not all play very well; but this is in itself refreshing in an age of over-specialization and professionalism, as well as encouraging to those who would follow in their footsteps.

... Which is just what we have been getting at all this time. Having filled our allotted space we are now going to practise our newly-acquired recorder.
D. C. B.





IMPRESSIONS OF PARLIAMENT



Monday, July 17th

Education was the subject before the House of Commons to-day, and it is one that invariably reveals interesting (not to say surprising) views. It is a subject on which nearly everybody seems to have a theory, and one that almost always produces strictly non-Party clashes.

For instance, it was a shock to hear Miss ALICE BACON, who, besides being one of the Government's staunchest supporters, is Vice-Chairman of the Labour Party Executive, announcing severely that she was in "entire disagreement" with the policy of the Minister of Education.

The Minister, Mr. GEORGE TOMLINSON, swung round in wide-eyed surprise, and so did his Under-Secretary, Mr. DAVID HARDMAN. They seemed at first to suspect a "leg-pull"—but Miss BACON was in real, indignant, hard-hitting earnest. She contended that it was both ridiculous and unfair to decide at the early age of eleven years the future course of a child's life by fixing then the educational courses it was to take. Miss BACON said sternly that this ought to be altered—and she spoke with authority, for she is a very experienced teacher—but added (with perhaps the teeniest tinge of remorse for her severity to her cherished Government) that she would not ask for the moon.

Mr. TOMLINSON seemed about to explain that if she *had* he would have had to refer her to his Right Honourable friend, the Minister of Supply, but he left well alone and remained silent.

Mr. HARDMAN had opened the debate in what a colleague described as his best blackboard-side manner, with many assurances that, however great the difficulties, however many the setbacks, all would be right in the end and the children of our land would have the best of educations. Some of

the teacher-M.P.s looked a trifle sceptical, and Mr. "Shakespeare" MORRISON, from the Opposition front bench, did more than look. He complained that under the present Government private enterprise among children was stifled, and those bright lads and lasses who could pass exams with ease were prevented from doing so before the age of sixteen.

Mr. HENRY BROOKE supplied another topical touch by alleging that the Communists had got some

in the Commons, there was some suspicion that an element of "Nosey Parkerishness" might enter into this intimate questioning, but the Government made a good case (apparently the future of the country is practically dependent on the knowledge that will be gained) and approval was given to the inclusion of the questions in the massive census-paper.

LORD BALFOUR OF INCHRYE mentioned incidentally that the census was to cost £1,250,000, and would need 50,000 enumerators and 600 clerical staff.

Tuesday, July 18th

There are some subjects which attract a big audience to the House of Commons just

by appearing on the agenda. Taxation, war and peace, the Festival of Britain (from one angle or another) and Press reports of certain Ministerial speeches can all be reasonably called "sure-fire"—but the surest of all is the humble groundnut. Mere mention of the word fills the House with eager listeners and as eager would-be speakers.

So when Questions ended to-day a well-filled House sat through a long debate on the past, present and future of the African groundnut scheme. Mr. MAURICE WEBB, as Food Minister, was in charge of the debate in succession to Mr. JOHN STRACHEY, and he appeared to be a much less enthusiastic partisan of the groundnut than Mr. S. had been. In fact one had the impression that it will in future play a less important part in our political life than it has done for some years.

Opposition speakers wanted to know a good deal more about the plans for the production of the nuts, and whether any had, in fact, found their way to us in the form of margarine or other commodities. Not much information was given.

Quite late at night Captain HARRY CROOKSHANK rose from the



Impressions of Parliamentarians

Lord Horder

of their brightest members into the training colleges for teachers, thus ensuring that the doctrine was introduced at the very source of the river of knowledge. It was noteworthy that the Minister steered clear of this point when he came to reply to the debate.

Indeed, he steered clear of most points in the debate, and seemed to rely mainly on his reputation as a wit to carry him through. And it did, even though Miss BACON and some of the other critics registered something less than full satisfaction.

Their Lordships were considering delicate questions to be put in the Census to be taken next year. There is a salutary rule that if it is proposed to ask out-of-the-ordinary questions Parliament's approval and permission have first to be obtained.

And the Registrar-General wants to ask twice-married women when they were first married and how many children they have. As



"I bet they are having sunshine at Tyre."

Opposition front bench and moved a cut of £5 in the vote for the Overseas Food Corporation. There was for a time some agitated movement among the Government Whips. By then a demand had been made, and pressed, for an official inquiry into the whole "muddle," as the critics called it, over groundnuts. Mr. WEBB gave what most took to be a broad hint that he was having a little inquiry on his own account into his inheritance.

Mr. FRED WILLEY, his Under-Secretary, seemed a trifle surprised when, on mentioning "trial plots"—meaning places where groundnut seeds are tried out—he was greeted with a roar of delighted approval by the Opposition. The memory of Mr. STRACHEY's speech at Colchester is clearly going to die very hard—the memory, that is, of what he did *not* say at Colchester.

However, in due time the vote was taken, and the Government won by the nowadays handsome margin of nine votes.

Then the question of newsprint supplies was raised, but Mr. HAROLD WILSON, the President of the Board of Trade, was able to give no information of comfort to those who want more of the raw material of Britain's daily and weekly newspapers. There seemed, however, to be a hazy background of optimism to what he *did* say.

Wednesday, July 19th

Defence is a subject mentioned seldom in Parliament, but thought of a good deal.

House of Commons:
Defence is Mentioned

Now and then there are questions about our national state of preparedness and there is talk of a debate soon. But this afternoon Mr. CHURCHILL startled the House with a cry that made the Prime Minister look across the Chamber sternly and the Conservatives shout rather angry approval.

Defence was mentioned and Mr. SHINWELL, the Defence Minister, referred to Mr. C.'s "natural

curiosity." Whereupon Mr. C. rapped: "It is not natural curiosity to try to know to what extent one's country is being shamefully let down!" Mr. SHINWELL replied tartly that such allegations ought not to be made without evidence, and the incident ended. To most onlookers, however, it was a revealing flash.

The little scene was followed by a statement from the Admiralty about the blowing up of ammunition barges at Portsmouth—suspected to be due to sabotage. Mr. J. P. L. THOMAS wanted an assurance that security precautions were all they should be, seven doubtful episodes having been reported recently. And Mr. EDWARDS, the Admiralty spokesman, replied that that office was "very disturbed" about events.

Later, Mr. HUGH GAITSKELL explained, with suave skill, the working of the European Payments Union—which one or two Members appeared to understand.

PALIMPSEST

THE hedge is all a coloured
palimpsest
with words from many lovely
languages
written upon it.
Here the briar rose confessed
"I love you" to midsummer—
and now she's
dispetalled.
There a yellow-hammer's nest
recalls its maker's fondness,
weeks ago—
fled now—
for a little-bit-of-bread-
and-no-chee-ese.
The foxglove's dreaming tower of
bells foretells
that mortal towers,
however tall, must fall;

the smaller, sweeter-campanil'd
bluebells
deep in the nettles
repeat that this is true
of spires built by man or built by
flowers.
The nightshade
twining in the hedge declares
that beauty owes her poignancy to
death;
"Ah!" says Arachne's web,
"all who have breath
hold fast to life
as my silk ropes to these twigs"—
and, even in saying this,
the strong rope tears.

Here is the gap where an elder's
wisdom tooth

was once grubbed out:
on the stones the lichen-stains
attest in silent tongues an
ancient truth:
though wisdom's self be dead
its mark remains.

The palimpsest is doubly
magical,
of its own being,
and because the words
we give to all it is
sing out to us
as do its birds.
And yet there are those
who pass it by, and see
a country hedge—
and guess no mystery.

R. C. SCRIVEN



BOOKING OFFICE

Adventure and Action

IT is a mistake to think of the Adventurer and the Man of Action as alike. The Adventurer does the obvious next thing, carrying his own standard of values with him from childhood. He is brave and hard but he lives from sensation to sensation. His adventures are private, and unless he can write they die with him. The Man of Action brings knowledge and brains to bear on the problem of somehow changing the world as he has found it.

In *I Walked Alone* the Earl of Cardigan has described an Adventurer from the inside. His unruffled curiosity is concerned rather to understand a puzzling world for his own satisfaction than to alter it for that of others. This is a serene narrative of how he escaped from imprisonment in Belgium in 1940. He was taken by the Germans, so it seemed the obvious thing to leave them, walk South, cross the Pyrenees carrying a bicycle, and ride across Spain until he found a boat which would take him back to England where he could rejoin his regiment. The failure of the Spanish to conform to civilized decency, their imprisonment of him and their savage treatment of prisoners bring him as near outright condemnation as his charitable mind ever gets. He prefers to dwell on the great kindness he received from ordinary people everywhere. As an Adventurer he takes life as it comes, temporarily escaping from his anxieties to puzzle out why so many motors in the ditches of Northern France had lost their wheels—could it be that a French syndicate was trying to corner wheels to have a monopoly after the war? Or what was the chirruping that came from the trees in the South-West—he seemed to have heard of an insect called the cicada: could it be that? The day-to-day account of his adventures, set down clearly and simply, with an endearing echo of Mr. Thackeray, holds the attention not merely because any story of an escape appeals to some basic human interest but because the writer is so completely inside his experience, so diffident about what lies outside it.

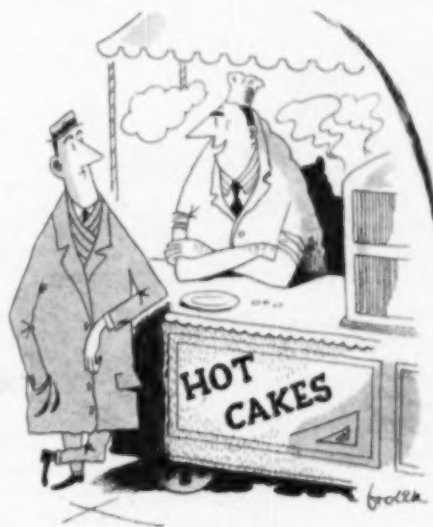
Mr. John Caldwell's *Desperate Voyage* is the story of an Adventurer who becomes a Man of Action under the pressure of adventures which grow overwhelming. A young college student from Texas, who got swept into the Merchant Navy during the war and could never get shipped back to his wife in Sydney, Mr. Caldwell set out to cross nine thousand miles of the Pacific in a twenty-nine-foot cutter without ever having sailed before. He was so busy getting stores on board that he had no time to study navigation. However, he had a small book on it and thought he would have plenty of time to learn in the months ahead. . . . He has a terrible experience sailing through a hurricane. His vessel is smashed up by a shark he has taken on board and there is a terrific fight with it in the cabin. He goes without food for twenty-two days. He is wrecked. He spends some time with hospitable islanders. After all kinds of transport delays he finally reaches his

Mary. He learns to sail as he goes along and he learns to write. Gradually the book gets less facetious and amateurish. He lands in Australia determined to make up for the deficiencies of his education and become a teacher. The brash, happy-go-lucky Adventurer has become a man who knows that faith will move mountains.

Both types are found among the men who explored, exploited and developed *The Coral Sea*, whose history is vividly and economically described by Mr. Alan Villiers. This account popularizes some of the research in Pacific History which has recently corrected and extended the story we learned at school. Mr. Villiers has sailed the Sea himself and attacks his subject as a practical sailor; he never sacrifices scholarship to drama or readability to pedantry. He particularly admires the union of courage and professional knowledge in men like Cook, Sir William McGregor and Sir Hubert Murray. Throughout there is an undertone of regret. Born earlier Mr. Villiers would have mapped the Coral Sea himself. R. G. G. PRICE

Proust's Way

Imaginative sympathy and a dispassionate objectivity are the qualities which, in the happiest conjunction, M. André Maurois has brought to *The Quest for Proust*. A discriminating labour of love, his book is to be admired also for its lucidity, for he is too good an artist to allow the sedimentary matter which he inevitably disturbs to cloud the contours of his theme.



"Smashing line! They sell like fully-fashioned nylons!"

Frankly confronting the weaknesses and abnormalities of a very unusual man—at once "socialite" and recluse, amateur of the trivial and searcher of souls, whose infinite and so fruitful sensitivity had less lovely aspects which M. Maurois is far from denying—he yet claims, for one whom he ranks among the greatest of novelists, a personal greatness intrinsic and pervasive. The biography, based largely on new material of cardinal importance, exhibits all its author's known accomplishment; the investigation of the genesis, growth and significance of an unprecedented and inimitable piece of literature must fascinate anyone interested to discover how masterpieces come into being. F. B.

A Posada in Ajijic

Inflation in Mexico met its match in Mr. Dane Chandos, who countered rising costs by turning his lakeside home into a guest-house and making a hospitable success of a reluctant venture. This venture, with the many-coloured Mexican background for whose sake the visitors—if they only knew it—existed, is conveyed with honest charm and vivacity in *House in the Sun*. Not all the posada's guests were comers and goers. Even some of the Indian servants were undependable permanencies. Professor and Mrs. Fountanne and the unforgettable Herr Humpel with his man and woman parrots were more or less fixtures, and held the fort in a domestic crisis or during the absence of the *hôte*. For when Mr. Chandos has seen the season out he has an enterprising habit of spending the proceeds on a further exploration of Mexico. His picture of the lunar landscape created by a new volcano, Parícutín, is of unforgettable grimness—and a piece of uncommonly beautiful prose. H. P. E.



"Right. Heads up, now, and bags of dignity..."

John Leech

The selection of nearly a hundred of his drawings in *John Leech* gives a good idea of the artist's richness as illustrator and social commentator, but it seems a pity not to have included any of the grim cartoons that shook Victorian complacency about slum conditions. Miss June Rose's introductory sketch treats this side of his work rather lightly; even the historic cartoon of General Février she dismisses as a theatrical composition. Theatrical, perhaps, but how effective! In dealing with his technical difficulties she says that as "a hiring artist, and a mere humorist at that, he was not expected to take his work too seriously"; remembering that Christopher Wren was a hiring artist, and Lewis Carroll a mere humorist, one gasps a little. And when she describes Leech as having become "an inaccessible artist," she has surely forgotten that over four thousand of his drawings are readily available in the volumes of *Punch* in public libraries. In other respects her sketch is admirable, and the book, beautifully produced with a bibliography, most welcome. E. O. D. K.

Companions of Honour

Mr. J. W. Robertson Scott dedicates *The Story of the "Pall Mall Gazette"* "to the precious memory of all the editors who gave up their posts and salaries for their opinions," looking back nostalgically to a mid-Victorian day when editors had smaller circulations but greater influence and a finer ethical code than present conditions seem to make possible. His principal heroes are George Murray Smith (of Smith, Elder; *Corahill*; and *D. N. B.*), who financed the *P.M.G.*, and Frederick Greenwood its founder and first editor. Both were men of character, ability, vision and integrity—worthies of an age rich in such figures. Our "Countryman" characteristically digs sedulously for new material and frames his exhibits in a variegated Victorian border. He promises a second volume for the later history of the *P.M.G.* J. P. T.

Books Reviewed Above

- I Walked Alone*. The Earl of Cardigan. (Routledge & Kegan Paul, 12/6)
- Desperate Voyage*. John Caldwell. (Gollancz, 12/6)
- The Coral Sea*. Alan Villiers. (Museum Press, 18/-)
- The Quest for Proust*. André Maurois; translated by Gerard Hopkins. (Cape, 18/-)
- House in the Sun*. Dane Chandos. (Michael Joseph, 10/6)
- John Leech*. June Rose. (Art and Technique, 8/6)
- The Story of the "Pall Mall Gazette"*. J. W. Robertson Scott, c.n. (Oxford University Press, 25/-)

Other Recommended Books

- Ralph Vaughan Williams*. Hubert Foss. (Harrap, 12/6) Important critical study of our most important living composer. Informative, stimulating, clearly authentic, it deals in broad judgments rather than close analysis. Dr. Vaughan Williams himself contributes a chapter of racy autobiography.
- Nothing Serious*. P. G. Wodehouse. (Herbert Jenkins, 8/6) Short stories about such old friends as Bingo Little, the Oldest Member and Lord Emsworth. A minor work, but well worth the attention of Wodehouse fans.

THE CHOICE

THE little man opposite to me in the railway carriage had maintained a brooding silence ever since he joined the train. Clearly he had something on his mind, but not until I had finished my crossword and flung the paper aside with a quiet air of triumph did he open his mouth.

"I'd be glad," he said diffidently, "of a bit of advice. I'm in a quandary. I'm not sure whether to win the singles championship at Wimbledon four or five years in succession, beat Australia, South Africa, the West Indies, New Zealand and India at cricket, make an all-out effort to secure the football World Cup, or go for the world heavyweight boxing title."

He was a weedy little man, weighing, I should think, about eight stone.

"I don't want to discourage you," I said kindly, "but you seem a shade on the small side for heavyweight boxing. Joe Louis is supposed to have retired, it is true, but there are some quite large men left."

He looked at me in surprise, and then laughed.

"It isn't myself I am talking about," he said, "but my son Percy. A wonderful lad, and I don't want to make the mistake with him that was made in my own case. As a youngster, like so many British boys, I failed to become really good at any one game because I dabbled in too many. For several years I went in at the tail end of the Melchester United Banks' Thursday afternoon cricket-team. I once reached the semi-finals of a lawn-tennis tournament at a hydropathic establishment in Derbyshire, and though I never actually got beyond the second round I was always considered a tough nut to crack in the annual snooker tournament of our local Constitutional Club."

"Versatility," I agreed, "has indeed been the undoing of many promising British sportsmen. Take my own case, for instance. Back in 1934—"

"Very interesting," he said. "But your experience, like mine, only confirms me in my determina-



"Is that someone shouting for help, or was it only an echo?"

tion to persuade my son Percy to concentrate on one particular game. Of course he might turn out to be another C. B. Fry and be good at almost everything, but I feel that in the present parlous state of British sport it would be unpatriotic of me to take the risk. My only difficulty is in deciding which game to make him stick to."

"Personally—" I said.

"On the whole," he went on, "I think it must be cricket, but even if we decide on cricket, that isn't the end of the matter. Shall I make a batsman of him, or a bowler, and if a bowler, shall he be fast, medium, or slow? The newspapers all say that our great need is for a good fast bowler, but Ramadhin and Valentine seem to manage very nicely without much speed. And the

faster a bowler is, of course, the shorter his cricketing life, and I should like Percy to be at the peak of his form long enough for him to help beat not only Australia but South Africa, the West Indies, India and New Zealand at least a couple of times each."

"And what are Percy's views?"

"Oh, Percy," he said. "So far as one can judge in a boy of six, he won't care what he plays, so long as he can be captain."

"In that case," I said, "he will certainly be well advised to stick to cricket."

D. H. BARBER

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THE MAN AND THE BANK MANAGER

THE bank manager came straight to the point. "It's your overdraft I wanted to see you about."

The man waived his move.

The bank manager accused him "You're never in credit!"

The man blamed the Government. "It's the income tax."

"You only pay the tax because you happen to have the income!"

The man avoided argument, unprepared for the novelty of this approach to the subject.

"How many family have you got?" the bank manager asked him.

"Three."

"Boys or girls?"

"Only one child. A boy. Then there's me and my wife."

The bank manager overlooked the attempt to mislead him. "And you can't manage on your salary!" he asked.

The man left the facts to speak for themselves.

The bank manager operated Plan No. 2 from the Managers' Handbook. "I'm going to talk to you as man to man," he announced.

The man said "You are?"

"Yes. I'm an older man than you are."

"You are?"

"Yes." The bank manager seemed to be becoming somewhat testy. "Don't keep saying 'You are,'" he demanded.

"No!"

"Where was I?"

"Older man than I am," the man prompted.

"Yes." The bank manager recollected himself. "What would happen, do you imagine," he inquired, "if everyone with whom the bank has dealings took the same view of his responsibilities in the handling of his account as you do?"

The man remained ingloriously mute.

"Well?"

"I thought lending money was your business!" the man protested.

The bank manager admitted it, but with reservations. "On proper security."

"But you've got my insurance policy!"

"That's only payable if you die," the bank manager reminded him. "We have to think what the position is if we want to call in your overdraft before you die. We sell your insurance policy."

"You do?"

"Yes." The bank manager exposed the inadequacy of the expedient. "Its surrender value is a hundred pounds. Your overdraft is two hundred pounds. Where's the other hundred pounds going to come from?" he asked.

The man shrugged his shoulders, devoid of suggestions.

The bank manager seemed to regard it as established that the situation was one which would have to be regularized. "Have you got any relatives who'd be willing to clear the amount off for you?" he asked.

The man laughed at the thought of it. "I'm the rich one in our family," he explained.

"No one who'd be willing to stand security for you?"

"You mean someone who'd be good for two hundred pounds themselves?"

"Naturally."

The man admitted that the

requirement ruled out the whole of his acquaintance. "No one."

The bank manager considered. "I'll tell you what I'll do," he said. "I'll open a separate loan account for your overdraft, and I'll ask you to give me an authorization to deduct so much a month from your current account towards paying off the loan account."

The man admired the financial jugglery of it. "You will?"

"Yes. I always do it in cases like yours. With an overdraft you never do pay it off. But regard the thing as a separate loan, with arrangements made to pay it off—"

The bank manager welcomed the light. "You see what I mean?" He entered a safeguard. "But mind you, no overdrawing on your current account to pay off the loan account, you know!"

The man looked guilty, and withdrew from his secret imaginings. "No."

The bank manager emphasized the point. "We shan't let you!"

"No." The man took comfort from the position as he understood it. "You mean I won't have an overdraft now?" he asked.

"Not on your current account," the bank manager confirmed. "No."

"And my statements will be in black instead of red?"

"Yes, of course."

"Well!" The man looked relieved. "No overdraft!" he said.

The bank manager restrained him. "You remember there's the loan account!" he warned.

The man kept the cup of happiness pressed defiantly to his lips. His voice when he spoke sounded unnatural. "Do you know what? This is the first time I haven't had an overdraft since I got married!"



MAHOOD

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CD Chief

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"Bristol Evening World"

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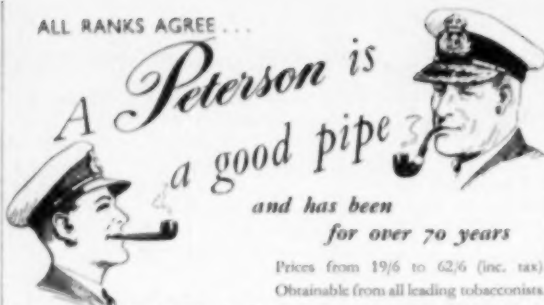
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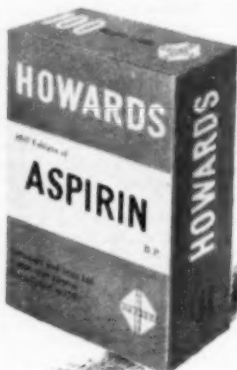
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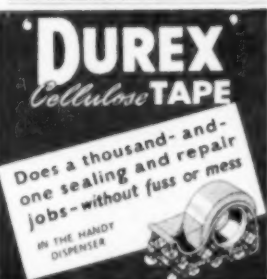


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We believe that the Belling Streamline Electric Cooker is the finest in the world. Beautiful in appearance and perfect in performance it is in a class by itself.

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Manufacturers of Electrical Appliances of Distinction since 1912
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CNC109

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But—this 5% difference represents:

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This isn't politics, it's plain commonsense.

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in the interests of National

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Marsh & Baxter Ltd, Brierley Hill, makers of the famous Marsh House



Up and down steps, stretching this way and that! Now this Electric Hedge Cutter, with its extension handle, makes it a quick, easy job. It is ten times faster than hand trimming and results are better, even in unskilled hands. Cuts growth up to half inch thick. Supplied for all standard voltages, also for 12 v. car batteries or TARPEN portable Generators. For farm hedges ask about our heavy duty 'Hedge-Master.'

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TEN-YEAR-OLD James Clerk Maxwell was the butt of the school when he entered Edinburgh Academy in 1841. He seemed dull, and his country clothes and square-toed shoes were a joke to the other boys, who called him "Dafty". But soon he surprised them by becoming a brilliant scholar, and at fifteen he had a paper on geometrical problems published in the proceedings of the Edinburgh Royal Society.

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It's extremely good. I got some South African wine the other day . . .

I know. A good wine, but not of this quality.

Precisely, but why the difference?

Well, this is a truly representative South African wine. You see, though the Cape has been for centuries one of the world's finest wine countries, it couldn't compete in Britain with European countries until Empire wines got a duty preference twenty years ago. That backed up the South African industry.

But why haven't we tasted such wines before?

Because really fine wines are achieved by selectivity, experiment and slow maturing. South Africa has done as much in twenty years with some wines as the Continent has in generations.

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Now you're delving into history. They used to be very popular. But in 1880 Mr. Gladstone removed the Colonial Preference and sent the South African wine industry into the wilderness.

Is that likely to happen again?

I hope not. Imperial Preference has encouraged the South African wine growers to tremendous efforts. The British Government is not likely to lead such an important Empire industry up the garden again. It wouldn't make sense.

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You certainly can, and very soon, too."

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Summer passes all too quickly, and GENERAL WINTER, alas, will soon be waiting in the wings again . . . ready to pour in his icy draughts through every door and window in your home. . . and YOU, when those colder days create the usual waiting list for HERMESEAL, will you be waiting too—for the draught protection which wise forethought should have provided so much earlier? NOT IF YOU TAKE ACTION NOW!

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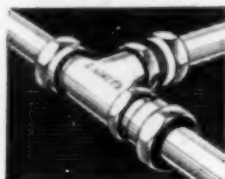
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**LISTAN PALE
Sherry**

You will relish this remarkably fine dry sherry and enjoy the delights to be found in its amber depths. Serve slightly chilled.

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**How many people
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THERE IS something very wrong with an organisation if, every time the Chief, or any other executive for that matter, wants to find someone he has to waste the telephone operator's time to *interrupt* lots of other people.

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INTERNAL BROADCASTING for staff location, works relations, time signals, announcements and music.

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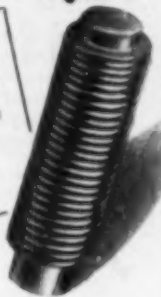
TIME CONTROL for making man-hours more productive.

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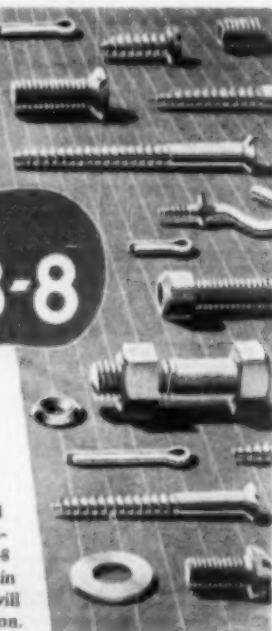
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6

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Give us time, we have only been planning 200 years, but in spite of five major Wars we have already achieved a modest success in the manufacture of the highest quality socks and knitted apparel.



Discriminating men of all nations look for the "A" knitted in our fine quality socks and knitted apparel.

Enquiries to
ALLEN SOLLY & CO. LTD.
ARNOLD NOTTINGHAM

[AN INTELLIGENT MAN'S GUIDE TO SHOES]

What price Comfort?

So far as your feet are concerned (and they are very concerned) comfort can cost anything from a chiropodist's bill to a moment's thought. At this particular moment, it costs exactly 32/9d. We could offer you a pair of quite wearable sandals for less than that, or something fit for a Roman Emperor at thrice the price. But we think you'll get along very nicely with these handsome Manfield-made Sandals in tan calf and will agree that their cost is far from punitive.

The design of these Sandals, you will observe, is sober. Note

the vamp (or front part) — cleverly slotted and perforated for maximum air-intake.



The soles are in stout flexible leather, or in crepe that never comes unstuck. The price—but yes, we mentioned that.

Next slide, please.

SHOES FROM

Manfield

MAKE A GOOD IMPRESSION

I BELIEVE HE LOVES HIS MURRAY'S MORE THAN HER!



AND why not? Men who smoke Murray's A Mellow Mixture wouldn't give it up for love or money! It's a grand tobacco of medium strength—the strength most men prefer. It's cool and fragrant, with a flavour all its own. Burns slowly and evenly, and therefore lasts longer. That is very important these days!

**MURRAY'S
MELLOW MIXTURE**

4/11d. an ounce

MURRAY, BONE AND CO. LTD., BELFAST, NORTHERN IRELAND where good tobacco have been skilfully blended for over 130 years

THERE are many families in our towns and cities who will have no change at all from "bricks and mortar" this year—unless help comes.

Will YOU help a mother and two children to have a fortnight's REAL change? The cost is 67. GIFTS will be gratefully received by The Rev. E. Wilson Cartle, Church Army, 55, Brecon Street, London, W.1

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LONDON 1812



A sweet pipe. A comfortable pipe. Well-made and well-balanced. A Barling, the pipe that gives perfect pleasure from the first fill. Take care of your Barling Pipe—supplies are still limited.

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Upstairs and down, inside and out, LIFEGUARD searches out and destroys the germs. Non-poisonous, non-staining and so safe to use, you'll enjoy its clean, refreshing smell. Buy a bottle today. 1/- and 1/9 (double size).

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T.H.W.

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The extra cares of to-day's housewife are seldom the prime causes of the nervous exhaustion and lack of energy; these spring more often from Vitamin deficiencies associated with modern diet and habits of life. But Vitamins alone are not enough. Their combination with Iron, Calcium and Phosphorus (trace elements)* in 'Supavite' ensures full nutritional value and the extra energy you need from the complete daily ration of Vitamins A, B₁, B₂, C, D, E and Nicotinamide in two 'Supavite' capsules (1 amber and 1 black capsule per day).

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GIVES YOU EXTRA ENERGY
FOR ALL THE DAY

*TRACE ELEMENTS. The essential minerals, necessary in microscopic quantities if full benefit is to be obtained from Vitamins. 'Supavite' contains all the Vitamins and Trace Elements necessary for your normal needs.

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UTILITY SPORTS SHIRTS
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EVERY LETTER TELLS A STORY

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NANNA won 1820 Derby and £23,504 in stakes.



CUCKOO, unbeaten as a 3-year-old, won 2,000 gns., was third in Derby, 1804.



CAMBRINUS, winner of 2,000 gns. and Derby.

PHALARIS was the leading sire for 1925 and 1928, and his progeny have won the Derby, Oaks, St. Leger, 1,000 Guineas, and 2,000 Guineas (twice).

PHALARIS

PHALARIS (1913)				
PHALARIS 1930	NANNA 1912	COLORADO 1911	FARINAY 1915	
CAMBRINUS 1928	FIRIALISH 1929	MIRACLE 1925	COLONBO 1911	BLUE PETER 1916

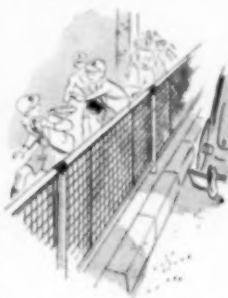
Superlative performance over many years is needed to make good the reputation of a sire of winning bloodstock. The House of Cope, by the same test over a period of 55 years, has proved its merit and its reputation beyond question. Cope's latest illustrated brochure fully describes their service. Write us for your free copy NOW!

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In the East people who see palisading going up have probably never heard of Bayliss, Jones & Bayliss — nor for that matter have the little boys and girls who blithely rush out of school and are protected by our safety barriers. But the men who ordered from us knew a good deal about our qualifications. Just in case your knowledge is incomplete let us add that we make:—

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For speed and efficiency in building and civil engineering

JOHN LAING AND SON LIMITED · Established in 1848

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From East Africa comes this commendation of the "quality and ubiquity" of PUNCHBOWLE Tobacco

Smokers at home can pop round the corner and obtain their supplies;—fellows in the "back-of-beyond" often have greater difficulties, as this letter shows, the pleasure however is frequently all the greater.

Kaya,
18 January, 1930.

Gentlemen,

In the course of considerable travelling throughout East Africa I have been fortunate enough to obtain a fairly regular supply of PUNCHBOWLE.

When recently I had the misfortune to find myself virtually marooned in a forgotten valley, where a fly-infested river flows into the heat-ridden plains of Senegal, I gave up all hope of finding any good thing.

Yet in an isolated trading post, with the rains dripping through the roof, I discovered three tins of Punchbowl, which I at once purchased, although they were somewhat faded. I have derived as much pleasure from the first two tins as from any tin of tobacco I have ever opened. The third remains as a treat in store.

I am, gentlemen,

Yours faithfully,

(The original letter can be inspected at The Barneys Sales Bureau, 24 Holborn, E.C.1)

TO YOUNGER SMOKERS, EVERYWHERE!

Two generations of Pipemen have been recommending Barneys to other Smokers because of its sheer goodness. Wisely you may follow their friendly lead. Smokers abroad can arrange for regular personal despatches, Ex-bond and British Duty Free, in 2 lb. parcels, to many lands but not, as yet, to all.

(315) ★ Punchbowl (full), Barneys (medium), and Parsons Pleasure (mild). Home Prices 6/3 1/6 od.

John Sinclair Ltd., Manufacturers, Newcastle upon Tyne, Eng.



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Dunlop 'Fort' is the culmination of unrivalled experience
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